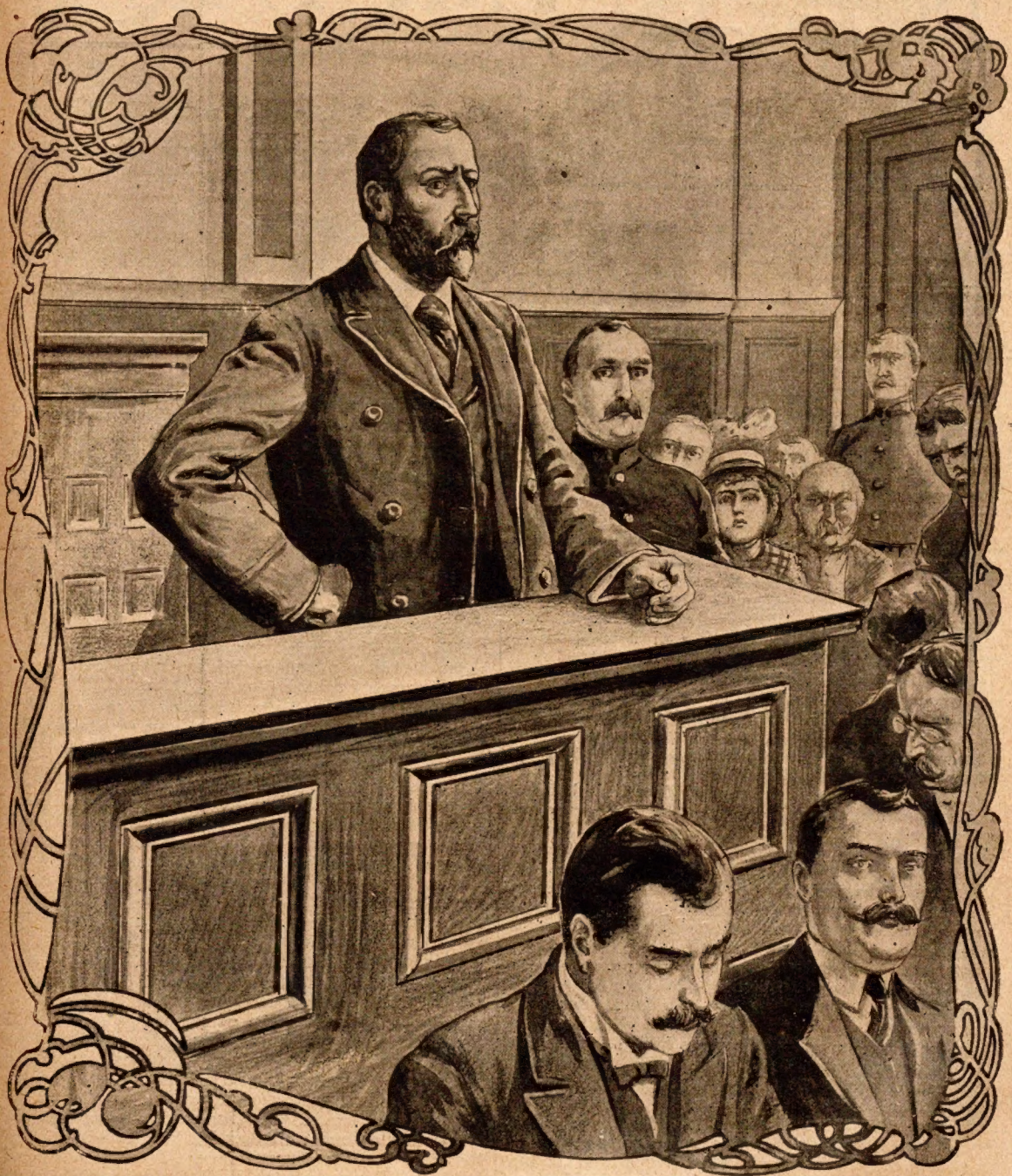
POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



DOUGAL IN THE DOCK AT SAFFRON WALDEN POLICE COURT.

Vol. II.—No. 25.

The Murder at The MOAT FARM

The Secret Slaying of Miss Camille Holland, by Samuel Herbert Dougal.

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."
—HAMLET, Act I., Sc. 2.

PART II.

We left Dougal in the train, which was rapidly bearing him to Saffron Walden, cogitating over the events of his life, and speculating on the probable amount of knowledge which the police possessed, and of his chance of escape from the toils which were encircling him. Cautious questions to his guards were met by an absolute refusal to give any information beyond the fact that he was to be charged with forging the name of Miss Camille Holland to a cheque for £28 15s., made payable to one J. Heath, and that the formal prosecutor was Mr. Ernest Legrand Holland, a nephew of the missing lady. Beyond that, he was told to wait till he was brought before the magistrates, and he would then learn what the authorities knew about him.

Arrived at Saffron Walden, he was at once taken to the police station and charged, and a little later in the day brought before Dr. Stear, the mayor of the little town, and indicted for forgery. Evidence of his arrest was given by Detective-Inspector Marsden, who added that he had found upwards of £500 in notes and gold on the prisoner, and the officer asked on behalf of the Treasury for a remand. This was immediately granted, and the accused was put back in custody for eight days. He was then removed to Cambridge Gaol, the nearest to the residence of the accused, though not the county prison.

The news of Dougal's arrest spread throughout the kingdom with wonderful rapidity, and the man whose name but a few days before had been unknown to the public, became the chief topic of conversation. In the district in which he lived the excitement ran high, and the 27th of March, the day on which the case against him was to be opened before the magistrate, was eagerly looked for. Farmers from the surrounding country jostled against prosperous tradesmen, parsons, lawyers and doctors struggled with horse-copers, stable-boys, and butchers' assistants, all eager to get a place in the Town Hall to witness the opening scene of the great local sensation. Long before the hour for the bench of magistrates to sit, there was a large crowd lining the route from the station to the court-house, while in front of the hall itself was a gathering suggestive rather of a political meeting than of a throng of mere sightseers.

The Cambridge train drew up at the platform, a constable stepped out of a reserved carriage, followed by Dougal, clad in a long overcoat and bowler hat. A third policeman completed the party. For an instant Dougal stood on the platform, nervously licking his lips, then he was hurried into a closed carriage, and before the waiting multitude knew that their "curiosity" had arrived, he was driven off to the Town Hall. There the crowd were taken completely by surprise, and almost before he was recognised he was rushed into the building. True, there was a slight press forward to catch a glimpse of the celebrity of the day, but Dougal was out of sight in an instant, so cleverly had the police manœuvred the matter.

Inside the building, what space could be devoted to the public was packed to the utmost. The Press was very well represented, as it was early recognised that there was a good deal more in the case than at first met the eye. The Bench itself was a full and distinguished one, marking the importance which the squires of the surrounding district attached to the arraignment of Samuel Herbert Dougal.

It was only when Dougal was placed in the dock to answer the charge brought against him that the public got their first good view of the accused man. As we looked at him, we could not but feel that we had seen his face before. The blue suit, the turned-down collar, the pointed beard, flowing moustache, and shaggy eyebrows seemed strangely familiar, save that the years which had passed appeared to have added more grey to the dark brown beard, and turned the heavy moustache to an iron-grey colour.

The prisoner glanced nervously round the court, and then settled himself down to hear the evidence which was to be brought against him. He was defended by Mr. Arthur Newton, while Mr. Pearce appeared on behalf of the Treasury.

The latter gentleman, in opening the case against Dougal, said the story which he had to lay before the Bench was a long one, and would assuredly require their attention on several days, so that he would be compelled to ask for a series of remands. The present charge was based on one particular cheque, which formed but the last of a long series of forgeries. The whole history was remarkable, and would prove more like a chapter out of a work of fiction than sober fact. However, he trusted that he would be able to convince the magistrates that it was true.

The prisoner was a married man, and in the latter part of 1898 he made the acquaintance of a lady named Camille Cecile Holland. She was not young, but she was rather pretty, and did not look her age, which was between fifty and sixty. She was possessed of a little property, some £6,000 in stocks and shares, a quantity of jewellery, a current banking account, and other effects. Dougal rapidly got on intimate terms with this lady, and when he had known her but a short time, took a furnished house with her near Brighton. The rent was paid in her name by cheque. In January, 1899, the couple came to Saffron Walden, and

whilst there, entered into negotiations for the purchase of the Moat Farm, near Clavering. Eventually Miss Holland bought the premises, paying just over fifteen hundred pounds for it. At that time the property was known as Coldhams, and it was at the prisoner's suggestion that the name was changed to Moat Farm. There the pair lived as man and wife until May 19th, 1899, when Miss Holland disappeared, and had not been seen since.

Some short while after Miss Holland had vanished the vicar of the parish of Clavering called at the farm and found Dougal's own wife established there. This lady was introduced to him as the prisoner's widowed daughter, but later it transpired that she was really his wife.

This raised an important issue. What had become of Miss Holland? The prisoner ought to be called on to explain that.

Dougal to the lawyers, but purporting to be signed by the missing lady, authorising the conveyance to be made out to the prisoner. The document was then executed in Dougal's name and was found among his papers at the Moat Farm. Evidence would also be given to the effect that Dougal had securities, the property of Miss Holland, in the September of the year in which she vanished, and that he had dealt with these securities, and again in the September of the following year another transfer of stock from Miss Holland's account to that of Dougal took place, the deeds bearing the lady's signature. On the prisoner's person when arrested was found a ring which undoubtedly was once the property of Miss Holland, and in his lodgings in London the police discovered a gold cross, studded with jewels, which was frequently worn by that lady.

Mr. Ernest Holland then went into the witness-box and

DOUGAL ARRIVES AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

To Superintendent Pryke Dougal had declared that he had not seen the missing lady since the day he drove her to Stanstead Station in May, 1899, nor had he heard a word from her. In spite of this on October 3rd, 1899, he paid into his banking account at the Birkbeck Bank £670 which came from Miss Holland's account with the National Provincial Bank. Again there were a large number of documents relating to the sale of stocks and shares held by the missing lady, and these papers bore her signature, though the body of the letters and deeds were in Dougal's handwriting. More than this, Dougal had actually witnessed a deed signed by Miss Holland.

The purchase of the Moat Farm had been made by Miss Holland and paid for with her money, but the conveyance had not been made before May 19th, 1899, and Dougal had made strenuous efforts to get it conveyed to him. The prosecution could produce a letter written by

swore that the cheque on which the charge was based was a forgery. He said he had also been to the Moat Farm and had identified several pictures there, some plate, table and house linen, and books, as the property of his aunt, Miss Holland.

He was followed by a Mrs. Wiskin, who stated that Dougal and Miss Holland had lodged with her in January, 1899, as Mr. and Mrs. Dougal. Later she learnt that the lady was really Miss Holland and not married to the prisoner. Then came the most important evidence of the day.

Superintendent Pryke gave a full account of his interview with Dougal, repeating the prisoner's statement that he had never seen or heard of Miss Holland since the evening of May 19th, 1899. The prisoner also stated to the officer that he had nothing belonging to the missing lady in his house; that she had taken away all her property. Asked by the constable whether there was any truth

in the rumour which was going about the village to the effect that a servant of his, Kate Cranwell, had signed papers for him in the name of Miss Holland. Dougal swore that the whole story was a lie, and that he had never sent away any papers signed with Miss Holland's name. The prisoner also told witness that he did not know the name of the servant who was with him when Miss Holland disappeared, but that when that lady had left, the girl's mother came and took her away. The report that certain articles belonging to the missing woman had been given to his wife was absurd, since Miss Holland had not left anything at all behind her. The whole series of rumours had been started by his divorced wife, who wished to injure him.

Mr. Pearce.

Evidence was then given by Kate Cranwell, who said that while she was with the prisoner, in 1901, letters came for Miss Holland. There was also in the house a quantity of lady's underlinen marked C. C. Holland, and, in a spare room, a big trunk marked with the same name and containing fifteen dresses. Eliza Cranwell, sister of the last witness swore that she had been employed by Mrs. Dougal to alter a number of dresses to fit her. The garments had been taken from the trunk bearing Miss Holland's name, in her presence.

Mr. Ashwin, an accountant in the National Provincial Bank, then commenced to give evidence relating to Miss Holland's account, but as the day was far advanced he was stopped, and the case adjourned for a week. An application was made for bail, which was refused, and Dougal was taken to the station, en route for Cambridge gaol.

Though that is all the information which was allowed to reach the general public at this stage of the proceedings, the police had a good deal of evidence to bring forward, and their experience told them that it was far from probable that Miss Holland was alive, as she would naturally have resented her property being dealt with in the wholesale manner in which Dougal had done. They, therefore, concluded that she was dead, and an active search was made for her remains. It was known to them that she had left the farm about half-past six on the evening of the 19th of May, but they could not find anything to prove that she had reached the station or had been seen by anybody else after that time. It was accordingly probable that if she had met her death at the hands of an assassin her remains would be concealed somewhere near Clavering.

Mr. E. Legrand Holland.

Only one man seemed interested in her fortunes, and that man was Dougal; accordingly they decided to commence searching at the Moat Farm itself, and their work was begun immediately after the arrest of the suspected person, Detective-sergeant Scott superintending. First the inside of the house was ransacked, cupboards turned out, flooring raised, walls sounded, in the hopes of finding some secret place of concealment where the body of the missing woman might be hidden; but all with no result.

From the house itself the police turned their attention to the outhouses and offices. One of these was full of the accumulated rubbish of twenty years, and all this was carefully sorted and picked over by hand. The tiring task had been nearly completed when one of the police-officers placed his hand on something round, which he felt in the heap of lumber. Drawing this out, he was astonished to find that it was a human skull, old and discoloured. Work then went on with redoubled vigour, each searcher vieing with his fellows in the quest for remains. One of the men, who had been detailed to examine the islet surrounded by the tiny moat, with a view to spotting anything which looked like a grave, noticed a small depression, between two trees, and proceeded at once to dig. After working for some time, he came on a collection of bones, which were taken to the house, enclosed in a box, with the skull, and sent off to Dr. Stears for examination. The police eagerly awaited the decision of the medical men, but when it came they were much disappointed, for the doctors said that the skull was of great antiquity, and the bones sent were those of an animal, and not human at all.

Kate Cranwell.

Preparations by this time had been made for draining the moat, the authorities feeling confident that its black waters covered many a secret, including that of the disappearance of Miss Holland. When it is mentioned that the great moat averages five feet in depth, it will readily be understood that special precautions had to be taken to dispose of so large a body of water without damaging the surrounding land. By Saturday, March 21, however, a ditch for carrying off the water was cut, and an opening pierced through the wall of the moat. Slowly the water sank, until by the Monday evening the dyke was free, except in the deepest pools. But the difficulties of the police were not at an end. The whole bottom of the moat was covered with evil-smelling, black mud, standing in some places as much as four feet in depth.

Into this veritable slough the keen detectives—Sergeants Scott and Fell—went, arrayed like mud-larks, probing here and there with rakes and poles, choked by the foul effluvium which ascended from the slimy filth. After many hours spent in this disgusting work, the detectives saw that it was useless to pursue further operations in the bed of the moat till the mud had dried a little. Attention was then turned to other parts of the farm. Digging near the spot where a bridge had once led to the islet, P.C. Fell came on some bones, which were presumed to be the remains of a human being. All work with pickaxes and spades were at once abandoned, and a party of constables

THE POLICE SEARCH THE DITCH AT THE MOAT FARM.

commenced to dig out the bones with their hands. A certain number were collected, and despatched to the Home Office expert for examination. Alas! These, too, proved to be the relics of an animal.

While all this was going on, the Moat Farm and surrounding fields was strictly guarded by constables, for throngs of curious people came from Saffron Walden and Clavering—ay, and even from London—to view the celebrated house. Needless to say, admission was denied to all but those who bore properly accredited letters, as engaged on behalf of the Home Office or for the Press. On Easter Monday, among the excursions arranged for the amusement of the public, might be found, "Cheap trips to the Moat Farm," so much was the attention of England riveted on this extraordinary case.

As soon as the mud in the moat was a little drier, the work of examination was re-commenced. Every inch of the bottom of the fosse was dug and re-dug, till it was impossible for even the smallest bone to have escaped notice, but beyond establishing the fact that the moat had been the receptacle of battered kettles, old saucepans, tomato-tins, refuse of all kinds, boots retired from active service, fragments of ham-bones—in fact, for everything that generally finds its way into the dustbin, nothing was established save the important fact that—MISS HOLLAND WAS NOT IN THE MOAT!

It then became necessary for a more regular plan of campaign to be organised, and Detective-sergeant Scott divided up the ground into regular sections, and instituted a lengthy search which would for ever settle the question whether any human remains were to be found in the precincts of the farm. We will leave the able detective with his assistants digging trenches while we return to the police-court and see what was going on there.

Detective-Sergt. Scott.

Mr. Ashwin, of the National Provincial Bank, continued his evidence, and proved that on May 29, 1899, ten days after Miss Holland's disappearance, a letter was received by his bank, written in the third person, and asking for a cheque-book to be sent to Miss Camille Holland, at the Moat Farm. It was sent as requested. On June 6 of the same year a cheque for £25 in favour of Dougal was received, accompanied by a letter asking for payment to be made in £5 notes. As the signature differed from the ordinary one which Miss Holland had registered, a letter was despatched asking if the cheque was genuine, and requesting the drawer to reply, signing in her usual manner. To this an answer was received, and we are able to print a fac-simile of it.

The Moat House
Coldhams
Quindon
Essex
7th June 1899—

Dear Sir

Cheque to Mr Dougal quite correct Owing to a sprained hand there may be a discrepancy in some of my Cheques lately signed

Yours truly
Camille C Holland

Camille C Holland

Camille C. Holland

The above is a facsimile of a forged letter written by Dougal in Miss Holland's name to the bank, who had queried her signature on a cheque. The second signature is Miss Holland's genuine signature, and the third is Dougal's forgery of the same on the cheque to which the forged letter refers.

On September 18, 1899, a letter, purporting to come from Miss Holland, was received, asking the bank to forward her certificates for shares to the value of £900, held by them for her. Ten days later another letter was received, enclosing a cheque for £940 18s., to be placed to her account. This was followed by the withdrawal of two sums of thirty pounds, and the request for more securities to be sent to her at the Moat Farm. Another large cheque was paid in, and a little later a further batch of stock certificates were sent to Miss Holland's brokers, Messrs. Hart and Co. Then came a complicated series of withdrawals of large amounts and of payments of small ones, till the account in Miss Holland's name stood at £207 instead of six thousand odd which she had possessed in 1899. The only address which was known to the bank, and to which Miss Holland's letters and bank-book had been sent since 1899, was the Moat Farm.

Cross-examined by Mr. Newton, the witness thought that the signatures were genuine.

Mr. Hart, of the Birkbeck Bank, then proved the payment into the prisoner's account of large sums of money, all coming from Miss Holland's account with the National Provincial, and further declared that the writing in the letters purporting to be signed by Miss Holland was undoubtedly that of Dougal.

At the next hearing, Mr. Hensler, a member of the Stock Exchange, and representing the firm of Messrs. Hart and Co., proved transactions carried on for Miss Holland on receipt of letters received bearing her alleged signature. Since May, 1899, he had sold shares to the value of £4,596. He believed that the signatures on the letters were genuine, but he did not think that a fair question to ask him, as he did not pose as an expert. Then the land agent who had arranged for the purchase of the Moat Farm gave evidence as to the transfer of that property to Miss Holland, and he was followed by the solicitor for Mr. Savill, the former owner of the land. From this gentleman it was elicited that Dougal represented "Mr." C. C. Holland as his "accredited agent," and even went the length of taking out a writ to compel the vendor to complete the conveyance to himself. This was done, the solicitors believing that a person named Holland was merely an agent for the prisoner. Then various unimportant witnesses told of purchases of farm stock made by Dougal, and paid for with cheques signed by Miss Holland. That concluded the day's hearing. At this time an order had been issued by the President of the Probate Court, assuming the death of Miss Holland to have taken place on May 19, 1899. When Dougal heard this he discarded the white tie which he had previously worn, and donned a flowing black one in token of mourning!

Mr. Thomas Hensler.

It was on April 16 that the magistrates first began to learn the story of Miss Holland's life at the Moat Farm and of her sudden vanishing. Then Florence Blackwell was placed in the witness-box, and told her story. She said that on May 9, 1899, before she was married, she was engaged as a domestic servant at the Moat Farm. She was told that her mistress was Mrs. Dougal, but she now knew that she was Miss Holland. The only occupants of the house were the lady, the prisoner, and herself. On the morning after her arrival the prisoner came into the scullery, and——

At this point Mr. Newton rose, objecting that anything that took place between the maid and her master should be given as evidence. Mr. Pearce said that Superintendent Pryke had mentioned in his testimony that the prisoner had declared that there was some familiarity between the two. Mr. Newton said that he wished that the Superintendent's evidence could be suppressed, as it was not obtained in the ordinary course.

Mr. Pearce: "I only want to find out what actually took place."

Mr. Newton: "That is precisely what I am objecting to." This the prosecuting counsel said he could well understand, and Mr. Newton vowed that it was unfair to rake up the fact that the prisoner did flirt with the girl four years previously. The Bench, however, decided that the evidence must be taken, and Florence continued. The prisoner came behind her, clasped her round the waist, and kissed her. She objected very much, and complained to Miss Holland.

On May 16th she went to bed about nine, and Miss Holland also retired at the same time. Shortly afterwards someone came to her door, and Dougal's voice was heard calling "Florence! Florence!" in an undertone. All the while he was trying to open the door and enter her bedroom. She screamed, and called for her mistress. Dougal had nearly forced the door when Miss Holland came to the rescue. Witness had a fit of hysterics. Miss Holland slept with her that night, and until she vanished.

Florence Blackwell.

On May 19, Miss Holland came into the kitchen and asked her if she minded her going out to do some shopping. Witness replied that if the master was going too, she was not afraid of being left. It was then half-past six. Prisoner and Miss Holland started off in the trap. There was no luggage in the vehicle. Her mistress called out "Good-bye, Florrie. I shan't be long." About half-past eight Dougal returned alone, and told her that her mistress had gone to London, adding, "She's coming back, and I'm going to meet her." He then went out, and returned about nine, stopping in the house for ten minutes or so. After that he went out from time to time, saying that he was going to meet trains. The last time he came in was at a quarter to one. Then he sent witness to bed. She went to her room, but sat fully dressed by the window all night. In the morning Dougal said he had received a letter from the mistress, who was going to stop with friends for a few days. A lady was coming to stay in the house till then. Later, he gave witness a month's money, and she went home with her mother, who had called to fetch her in consequence of her complaint of the prisoner trying to get into her bedroom.

Cross-examined by Mr. Newton, Florence said that she had never seen a postman at Moat Farm. Dougal told her that the letter from Miss Holland had arrived at seven o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Arthur Newton.

Mrs. Pollock, with whom Miss Holland had lodged for some time prior to living with Dougal, said that she recognised the prisoner as "Captain Dougall," to whom the missing lady was to have been married. She created some little amusement, however, when she was told to look at the prisoner, by declaring that she did not know where to look. Mr. Newton pulled her up sharply, but the lady blandly remarked that if she had had the experience Mr. Newton had of police courts she would have known better. She had first sought for the prisoner on the Bench!

The next hearing was a dull one—the calm which pre-

cedes the storm—broken solely by a fiery passage of arms between Superintendent Pryke and Mr. Newton. The lawyer strove hard to make it appear that the superintendent had done wrong in talking to Dougal and then repeating his conversation as evidence, but the sturdy old officer was not to be heckled by any lawyer, and turned on the attorney. "You want it your own way, and I want it mine," he exclaimed hotly.

"And I'll get it," confidently rejoined Mr. Newton.

"Oh, no, you won't," said the policeman; and the lawyer didn't get it.

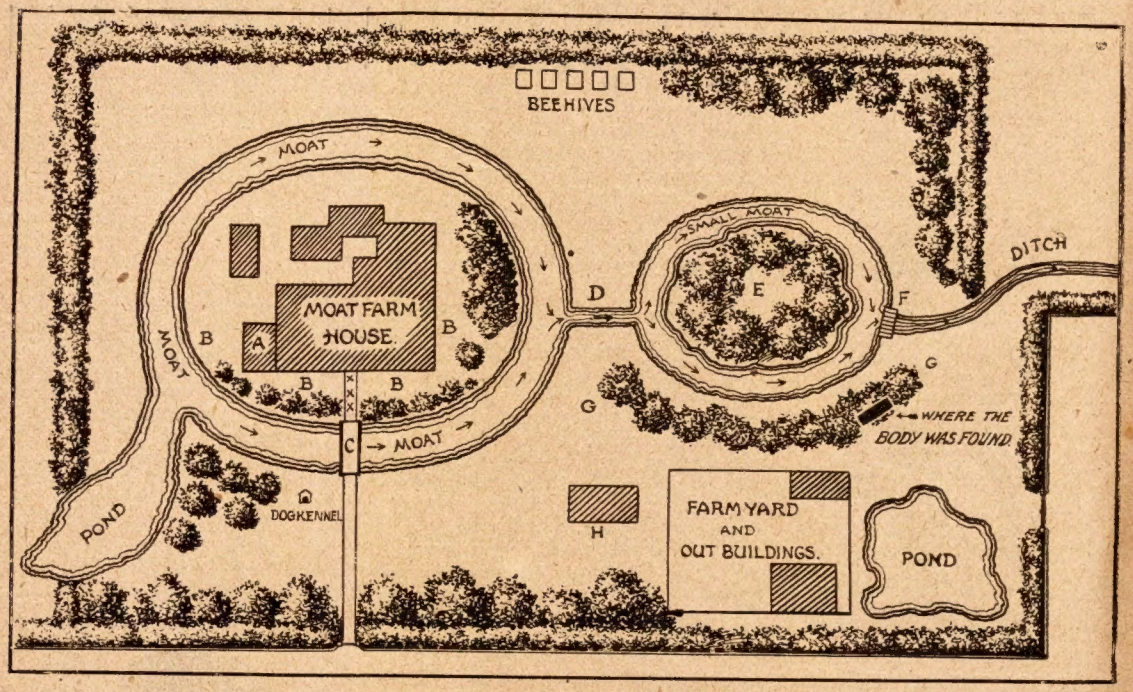
Formal proof of arrest at the Bank of England ended that day's hearing. Before the next appearance Dougal's position was to be materially changed. This is how it came about.

For nigh on six weeks the police had been digging in and around the Moat Farm, but beyond the remains of animals, a choice collection of useless débris, and much weariness, nothing had resulted from their search. On April 25th got sufficiently familiar with the expressions of the steady Essex workers to be able to tell by their faces what part of a trench they were then digging at.

One evening as I reached Saffron Walden from London I was met by the village loafer whom I retained to hang about the precincts of the farm and bring in any news that he might gather. I could see by his eagerness to catch hold of my wraps that he had some information to give me, so I demanded it immediately.

"Well, sir," he said, hanging laboriously on each word, "I do 'ear as 'ow more men are to start work to-morrow, or Monday, and if so be they don't find aught in a week or so they are to chuck it. They won't find nowt, I say. It's money throwed away, it is."

I did not agree with him. Sergeant Scott was a man of vast experience, and he was still sanguine of finding a body, and till he gave in and confessed himself at fault, no self-respecting pressman would cast doubt on the detective's hopes.



PLAN OF THE GROUNDS SURROUNDING MOAT HOUSE FARM.

A.—Greenhouse.
B.B.—Lawn, on which are high fir trees.
C.—Rustic bridge over moat—the only means of approach to the house.
D.—Spot where detectives started their draining work by connecting one moat with the other. The arrows show the direction in which the water drained.
E.—Old apple trees on the islet.
F.—Dougal's dam (now smashed down).
G.G.G.G.G.—New trees and shrubs planted by Dougal round the subsidiary moat.
H.—Incubating house built by Dougal.
X.X.X.—Gravelled pathway leading to front door.

orders were received from headquarters that civilian labourers were to be added to the posse of police, and the work pressed on for a few days longer, before the case was abandoned.

It was dreary, disheartening work. At first daily, and later several times a week, I went out to the farm, which was rapidly assuming the appearance of an embryo mine, always to be met with the same mournful plaint: "Nothing to-day, sir. Bill did think as how 'e'd got summat yesterday, but 'twere only a sheep's 'ead."

As the weeks went on the labourers growled strongly at what they stigmatised as "fool's work," but still the Chief Constable and Sergeant Scott held on, believing that they were on the right track, a belief shared only by the Press of England. Each new trench was cheerfully begun, for all thought that the next spadeful might end the search. Faces grew longer as half the ditch was finished, and a groan of disgust spread over every countenance when the last shovelful of earth was thrown out. After a time I

Monday, April 27th, saw me afield early in the morning and on my way to the farm. Scott had already started his gang of civilian labourers to work, and, always willing to bear more than his full share of the toil, he was digging away himself as hard as any paid navvy. I watched them for some time, and then had to go into Saffron Walden, intending to return after lunch. I was detained, and it was after five o'clock when I returned and was met about a mile down the lane leading to the Moat Farm by Wilkins, my scout. His face literally beamed with delight. On approaching me, however, he assumed a mysterious air, and, slowly advancing to the motor car, bent towards me and whispered hoarsely: "They've got un! I tell 'ee, they've got un!" Considering that not a soul was in sight, or within earshot, the mystery was comic; however, I had little time to think of that, and, telling him to follow at his leisure, pressed on as fast as possible to the scene of operations. When I reached the farm this is what I learnt from one of the navvies:

Sergeant Scott had set three of the new men to work to widen the trench which had been dug in the site where the old ditch had been joining the horse pond with the moat. For two or three hours these labourers toiled on, casting out shovelful after shovelful of the black fœtid earth, sodden with sewage and with liquid manure, which had percolated through the looser soil from the drains of the farm yard. Hot and perspiring, the men heartily cursed the job, longing for the time to come when they might return to the genial village pub. and drown the memory of the weird place at least for the night.

It was early in the afternoon, and the men were getting listless with the heat. Suddenly one of them, Tom Barker, who was digging with a fork, brought up a piece of cloth, which he took to be part of an old coat. It did not interest him much, and he continued his task. After a minute or two, however, his fork stuck into something hard which he drew out on the tool.

"Here, mates!" he cried. "Look at this!"

All crowded round him.

Impaled on the prong of the fork was a woman's boot, and a momentary glance showed that inside the boot were bones—human bones.

Speedily they summoned the sergeant, and under his directions the earth was removed handful by handful, the sickening stench from the slime almost overpowering them, till an entire female form, lying face-downwards, was uncovered. At last the earth had given up its dead—at last the deed of darkness was exposed to the full light of day!

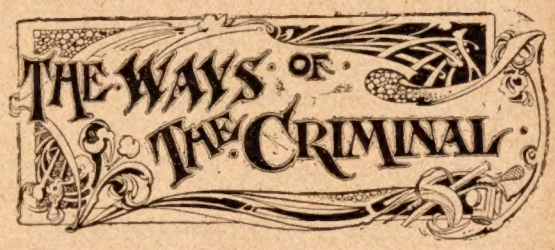
A picture of this fearful scene, drawn by our special artist, will be found on pages 276 and 277.

With the greatest possible care, almost with the skill of a trained explorer, the police-sergeant had boards forced beneath the ghastly remains of the dead woman—there was no difficulty in distinguishing the sex, for portions of her raiment still clung to the figure—and then the whole awful burden was lifted up and carried into the greenhouse, which Dougal had built alongside the farm-house.

At last their search was at an end. After digging over two acres of land, after shovelling out upwards of a couple of hundred tons of earth and ooze, the police gained their reward. The presumption of the death of Camille Holland was correct, for her body had been found. Not a soul present had the slightest doubt of that, though no official identification had taken place. It was at this point that I arrived.

When the ghastly remains had been laid in the greenhouse, and covered with canvas, the police further searched the trench, and under the spot where the head had lain they found a wire hair-frame, some hairpins, and a tortoiseshell comb. It was gruesome work sifting the slime and evil-smelling mud which lay in the trench, work rendered all the more horrid by the knowledge that decomposed flesh had contributed largely to the odious filth, yet the greatest pains had to be taken lest any tiny article which might help to convict the assassin or to identify the body should be overlooked.

A doctor was speedily summoned; but, after casting but a hurried glance at the mud-encrusted figure lying on a rude table made of the boards used in raising it, he decided that it was too dark that evening to do anything further, and all examination was postponed till the next day. Then Mrs. Wiskin identified the hair-frame and comb, and such portions of the clothing as could be seen before cleansing the body, and the news was sent forth to the world: "Miss Holland was murdered, and her body has been found at the Moat Farm."



XI.—SAFE-BREAKERS.

FORTUNATELY for the British public there are not many safe robbers in the land, and out of the many thousands of expert criminals known at Scotland Yard very few are described as safe-breakers. Only the most expert burglar can hope to succeed in this branch of his nefarious calling. It is easy enough to burst open a desk or pick the lock of a drawer, but when it comes to safes the ordinary burglar has to give up. As far as he is concerned, the safe lives up to its description. His skill is not equal to getting at its contents, and, though it may contain a king's ransom, he is obliged to leave it.

To be a safe-breaker the burglar must be of a scientific turn of mind, a clever mechanic, and a man of infinite resource and patience. He must possess a burgling outfit of the very finest. He must have some knowledge of the nature and destructive power of explosives, and, above all, he must have the daring to put his knowledge into practice.

During recent years there have been several daring safe robberies, but that which attracted most attention was that which occurred at the Percy Street (Tottenham Court Road) post-office, in February, 1901. One morning the postal officials on arriving at the office were startled to find that the safe had been opened and ransacked of its contents, which included money, postal-orders, stamps, bank warrants, etc., to the value of £360. Naturally, the police were called in at once, and they found that exceedingly expert criminals had been engaged. All the usual appearances of the safe-smasher's work were absent. There were no torn sides or

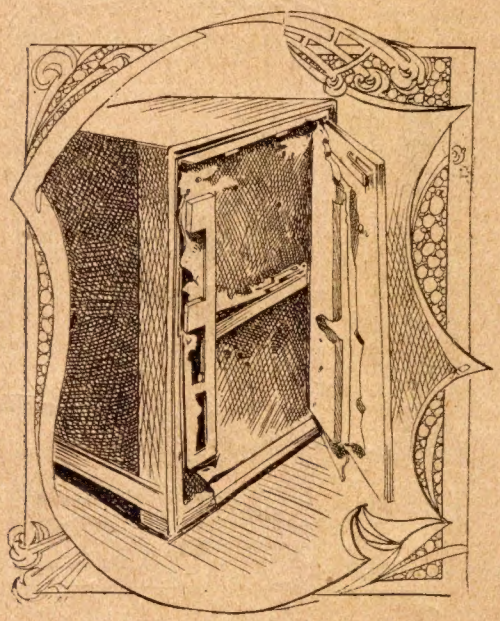
Melting a Safe Lock with Blow-Pipe and Combined Gases.

tops or drilled front. All that there was to show that burglars had been present were the opened door, the rifled interior, and a mass of melted metal. A careful examination was made of the safe, and it was discovered that the thief,

or thieves, had made use of the office gas, a cylinder of oxygen gas, and a blowpipe. With this combination they had been enabled to fuse the metal forming the door of the safe, and it was calculated that this task occupied at least an hour and a-half. The oxy-hydrogen and coal gas manipulated with the blowpipe produced intense heat, and, slowly but surely, the flame ate its way through the chilled steel. The operation caused no smell or noise, and entailed very little hard work. Luckily, the police were able to find the culprits and recover most of the stolen property. The men were foreigners—German waiters, they called themselves—and at the address of one of them a piece of gas tubing such as would be used for a blowpipe was found. It was proved at the police court that the men had a few weeks before the robbery purchased two cylinders of oxy-hydrogen, and one of these was left behind at the scene of the robbery. The man who had actually committed the robbery was sent to penal servitude for six years. His confederate, who simply tried to get rid of the stolen stamps, received twelve months.

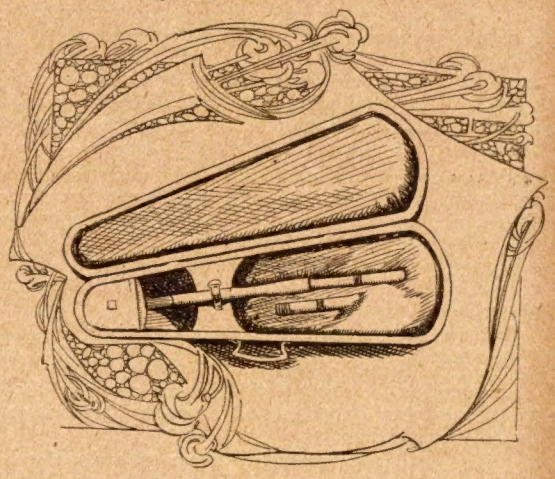
Three of the illustrations which accompany this article are connected with one of the most extraordinary safe robberies ever committed. The story of the affair reads like a detective romance. A large gang of clever criminals were engaged, the work of opening the safe occupied many hours, a most elaborate system of signalling was in use, and, to cap all, the thieves got very little for their pains.

The robbery occurred at the premises of Messrs. Walker, jewellers, Cornhill, London, as far back as February, 1865. For several months the City had been the scene of a number of really "clever" burglaries. No one had been arrested in connection with these crimes, and, as a consequence, the policemen on duty at night were considerably increased in number, and the length of their beat lessened, so that they were repeatedly passing to and fro. City firms who were obliged to leave portable valuables on their premises took extraordinary precautions to secure their business houses against the raids of midnight marauders. All these safeguards to protect the treasures in the City were of no avail, however, and in the case of Messrs. Walker's safe this fact was amply demonstrated. On the night of the robbery the safe in question contained property to the value of over £6,000. It was in position in a back room, but by an ingenious arrangement of mirrors and a gaslight kept constantly burning, together with a couple of slits in the shutters, the receptacle was in full view of anyone passing by in the street. Every quarter of an hour, day and night, constables passed the premises, and when the shop was locked up they were supposed to take a peep at the safe each time they went by.



The Safe at Messrs. Walker's after the Burglars had Finished.

The premises were securely locked up on the Saturday afternoon before the robbery. On the Monday morning, when the place was re-opened, the employees found that the safe had been broken into and cleared of its valuable contents. Instantly the police were called in, and a remarkable sight met their eyes. There were holes in walls and ceilings, and it was quite evident that a large gang of men had been at work for many hours.



The "Alderman" in the Fiddle Case.

The walls of the premises were lined with iron, and the owners imagined that they were burglar-proof. The robbery undeceived them, however, and their surprise may be easily imagined. For the time being the details of the robbery could only be guessed at, but eventually, when the gang were safely under lock and key, one of them explained how the crime was carried out. It seems that the gang for several months had been perfecting their plans. Two of them took an office in a building almost opposite to the shop of Messrs. Walker, from the windows of which they could see the street, and also signal to their confederates at work on the safe when a policeman was coming along. When it was settled that the time had come for the burglary to be committed five men concealed themselves on the Saturday afternoon in some offices at the top of the house, the ground floor of which was occupied by Messrs. Walker. These men took the greatest precautions to prevent their presence being known. They entered the building singly and at long intervals, each carrying some tools hidden about his clothes, and immediately hid themselves. They stood or lay like statues, some of them for several hours, until the building was deserted by its occupants and the coast was clear. Then, coming from their hiding-places, and rubbing the stiffness caused by having been in one position out of their joints, they immediately set to work. They knew they had at least 36 hours in which to accomplish the robbery, but they also knew that they had plenty of hard work before them. First they cut a hole in the wall of the offices in which they had concealed themselves and, passing through this aperture, commenced work upon the offices occupied by Sir C. Crossley. With centre-bit and saw they cut a hole in the floor, and kicked out the plaster of the ceiling beneath. A pair of tongs was placed across the hole, and, by means of a rope ladder attached to the fireirons, they lowered themselves into the premises of a firm of tailors, whose shop was next door to Messrs. Walker's. It might be asked why they took all this trouble. They could easily and much more quickly have cut their way direct into the jeweller's shop, but, as the burglar explained to his captor, they were afraid the falling plaster would break the glass show-cases in the jeweller's shop, and thus attract the attention of the police.

Having arrived in the tailor's shop, the burglars proceeded to a room, the wall of which alone divided them from the apartment in which the safe stood. Digging through plaster and brick the thieves rapidly made a big hole, but then their progress was abruptly stopped. Their crowbars and chisels were of no use against the iron lining on Messrs. Walker's side of the wall, and, try as they would, they could make no impression on the metal. They could have used the tools which they had brought with them for the purpose of opening the safe, but they were afraid of spoiling these implements, and so kept them in reserve for the work upon the strong box.

Casting about for a way into the cellar, the burglars seem to have overlooked the door, which could have been easily broken open. Instead they again resorted to the floor-

cutting method, and, having made a hole large enough for them to pass through, they dropped down one by one into the basement. This room ran along under the jeweller's shop, and some convenient tables or counters enabled the burglars to reach the ceiling immediately under the safe room. This was vigorously attacked, and in a short time the men pulled themselves up through the hole and were alongside the safe.

Now commenced the hardest and most dangerous part of their work. The front of the safe was painted white, so that, if tampered with, the marks would show distinctly to anyone peering through the slits in the shutters.

The burglars, however, were careful not to touch the front of the safe. They had brought with them a fine assortment of keys to be used as a last resource if other methods failed, but until they had used the wedges and screwjack which they had provided, they resolved to leave the front of the door alone. The wedges in themselves were most ingenious. Made of steel and running down to a knife-like edge, the sides were serrated like a file, so as to prevent them slipping. With a mallet covered with cloth and leather, so as to deaden the sound of hammering, the wedges were slowly driven into the joint between the door and the framework of the safe. Gradually a small aperture was made, and into this the screw-jack was inserted. With this instrument immense leverage can be obtained. With a great crash the "jack" won the day, and, after a great amount of fearfully hard labour, the bolts of the door were torn away, and only the inner lining remained between the thieves and their spoil. This was speedily attacked, and a small hole having been made, the "jack" was again requisitioned, and the casing torn bodily away.

Where were the police all this time? Several times the men had had to leave their work and go into hiding when the signals from their confederates opposite told them that policemen were near, but, though their work could easily be seen from the street, no one noticed it.

A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing. Carrying "The Alderman."

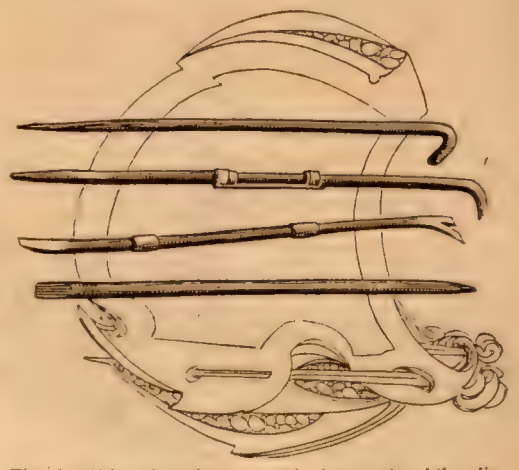
The trays of jewels were now at the thieves' mercy. These were quickly thrown down through the hole in the floor into the basement and, when the safe was empty, the thieves followed their plunder. In the cellar a quaint scene was enacted. With practised skill the trays and cases were denuded of their contents and thrown into a heap, the jewels being placed in a bag of the leader of the gang. And when this was done the burglars, like the Arabs of old, so to speak, folded their tents and stole away. Back they went the way they had come, and when darkness fell upon the City, and the coast was clear, calmly opened a door leading to the street and disappeared with their booty.

They got clear away, and it was not until a fortnight later that the police managed to get on their track. Then a woman was found pawning part of the stolen goods, and, by watching her, the whole gang was secured. A great part of the plunder was recovered. Some was found in the Thames, into which the jewels had been thrown by some of the burglars when they found the police were after them, whilst a small quantity had been pawned.

Severe sentences were pronounced on the gang, and two of the leaders were each sentenced to 20 years' penal servitude, two others to 14 years each, another couple to ten years each, and a seventh to seven years.

At the habitations of the men a great variety of burglars' tools were found.

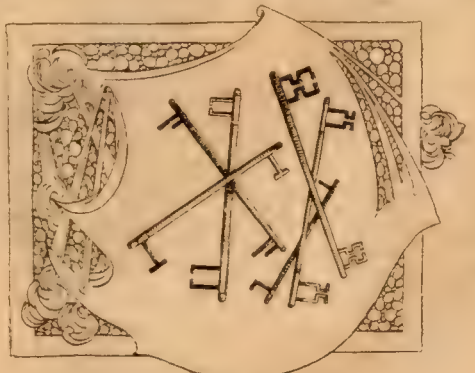
That which attracted most attention was a crowbar about five feet long. This, it transpired, was known to the thieving fraternity as "The Alderman," and the difficulty of carrying it about so as not to attract the attention of the police was surmounted in a clever manner. The implement was made to unscrew into three sections, and a man convicted of the Cornhill robbery told the judge that when on burgling bent he carried "The Alderman" neatly packed in a violin case, "for," he added with a smile, "when a policeman sees a man in evening dress carrying a violin case he has no suspicion that he is a burglar."



These formidable safe-breakers are now in the possession of the police.

Another of our illustrations shows a selection of jemmies. We have already referred to "The Alderman," and now we have to speak of "The Lord Mayor," and "The Common Councilman." Why these names were selected it is difficult to imagine, unless it is a sly hit at the waist measurement of members of the Corporation. Somehow or other, the word "alderman" conveys the idea of stoutness. The jemmies here depicted are stout enough in all conscience. The largest is "The Lord Mayor." It will be noted that it unscrews into two sections, and is bent at one end, so that tremendous leverage can be obtained. The third one is unnamed, but it is very like our old friend of the violin case, whilst the top, which is all in one piece and also has a peculiar bend at one end, is "The Common Councilman." Crowbars made in one piece are, as a rule, carried inside the leg of the trousers.

The case of skeleton keys which we also show was found at the house of one of the men in the Cornhill case.



Skeleton Keys.

They were all home made and had wards at each end, so that there were two keys in one, and a greater number could be carried in a small space. These were intended for use on old-fashioned safes and strong-boxes, but whether they had been applied with success or not the burglar stoutly declined to say.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE CORPSE OF MIS HOLLAND AT THE MOAT HOUSE FARM.

The Baumgart Tragedy.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND MURDER.

"A horrid tale of murder that should freeze
The blood, and chill the vitals, make the hair
Arise in consternation, and the knees
Cause to knock inwards, and all ladies fair
Provoke to swooning; read it as you please,
Or if you don't—well don't—but I declare
That all who do, howe'er they may dissemble,
Shall somewhere in the reading of it tremble."
—From CYPRIAN'S "Perceval."

PART II.

IT was quite dark when he turned out of a side alley into a small, dingy-looking beerhouse.

This was Heinrich's Inn, a rendezvous well known to Hans from its ill-fame, but in which he had never actually been until this memorable night. He found himself in a dirty, oblong-shaped room, filled with tobacco-smoke. A few beer-stained tables were scattered about, at which several men were seated drinking, with none of whom was he in any way acquainted. He noticed that most of these men looked with suspicious glances at his entry, and he uneasily remembered having heard that this house was a resort for the forest robbers and sundry gentry of a like order.

However, it was now too late to retreat had Hans been so minded, for a fat, greasy old man, with a mottled complexion and a huge pipe thrust between his lips, had got up from one of the tables and inquired his pleasure.

"What can I serve you with, sir?" said Heinrich, narrowly scrutinising Hans, for the worthy landlord had a keen eye for government spies.

Before the youth could answer he felt a hand on his shoulder, and, turning round, beheld his companion of the previous evening.

"Ah, here you are, my dear Hans!" he said familiarly, at the same time winking at Heinrich to assure him that the young man was a safe customer.

"You hardly propose that we should hold our interview here?" said Hans in an undertone to his forest acquaintance.

"Ha! ha! Certainly not; your mother awaits you upstairs. Follow me; all is secure."

The fellow pushed open a side door, discovering to Hans's view a flight of narrow wooden stairs.

With what feelings did the young man ascend to meet his mother in this house of iniquity—the fair, beautiful mother of his dreams!

His companion led the way up the dark, creaking staircase, and presently reaching a landing, and pushing open another door, he stood on the threshold of the room, beckoning to Hans to follow.

The young man, whose heart beat so loud that he felt it must sound to all like a martial drum, entered a partially-darkened apartment. It seemed to be large and lofty; the curtains were drawn over the windows, and a fire burnt in a covered stove at the farther end, and beside the fire, seated in a high-back chair, Hans could dimly discern the figure of a woman.

His mother!

At last he was face to face with her whom he had prayed to behold, the goddess of roseate-coloured visions, and yet what strange controlling influence withheld him from falling upon his knees before her, pouring out his over-full heart, and rushing upon that long-denied bosom.

He did not know—he could not say—but he felt a horrible chill striking at his heart, and freezing all the warmth out of his natural emotions.

He wanted lights, he wanted to see his mother's face, to peer through her eyes, deep down into her very soul.

The woman in the chair turned towards him.

"Wilhelm, get some candles!"

It was a harsh, cracked voice that spoke—a voice that sounded in Hans's ears as the knell of his already passing hope.

His companion of the previous night went out on the landing, and returned with two lighted candles.

The room was brilliantly lighted now.

The woman stood up, and, turning towards Hans, stretched out two thin, emaciated arms.

"Come to me, my son!" she said in her ghostly voice.

Then Hans saw her face.

Oh, merciful heavens! was this his mother? Was this the end of all his splendid visions of a woman, half goddess and half queen? The youth stood petrified by horror, cold and immovable, more like a statue than a man.

What he saw was a tall, wasted woman in a gaudy gown that exposed a shrivelled, discoloured bosom; her cheeks were hollow and smeared with rouge, her eyes burnt with an unnatural light, deep in cavernous sockets, her hair was wispy and obviously dyed, and she had lost several of her front teeth.

But enough! What words can paint the hideous, the pitiable leer engraven on those gaping lips that was intended to be the smile of a mother who meets a long-lost son? These sin-besotted features could never be illuminated with so sweet and so holy a light, for they had lost—how long ago?—all beauty of expression, and could now do no more than leer in hideous invitation.

Hans saw all this in the flash of a moment, and he saw more besides—he saw in the horrible creature before him a blurred *but unmistakable resemblance to himself!*

"Come to me, my son!" she said in her ghastly voice; and then, as he did not move, she burst forth into a laugh that was purely an echo of the mirth that sounds in the courts of hell.

"I told you how it would be!" she cried, turning half-fiercely to her male companion, who was watching the scene with an amused grin. "He loathes, he despises me. My son is too gentlemanly a person to have truck with such as I, and yet I love him. He sucked life from these breasts."

Again she filled the room with the horrible laughter.

Hans shuddered.

"Ah! you shudder, do you?" she screamed. "Shudder away, my fine fellow, shudder at your mother's laugh!"

"My mother! No, it cannot be!"

For the first time he had spoken, and the words had escaped him, involuntarily voicing the thoughts that he would rather have left in the gloomy silence of his own tortured mind.

"Hans," said the woman quietly, "you have a purple scar near your left shoulder. Is it not so?"

He nodded.

"Yes, my dear, the doctor was drunk when you were born, but he asked no money. You have a brown mole, too, underneath your left arm?"

He nodded again.

The woman got up, and, taking one of the candles, came to the young man and placed her face close to his.

"Look me in the eyes," said she, "and tell me that I am not your mother."

From the first moment of his entering the room he had felt instinctively that her claim was a just one. Now, with her features close to his, lit up in all their emaciated hideousness as they were by the glare of the candle, he saw a horrible presentment of his own face.

He knew this woman was his mother.

"Look me in the eyes," said she, "and tell me that I am not your mother."

"I cannot," he answered, and burst into tears.

The woman returned to her place by the fire.

"Come here, Hans," she said, motioning him to a vacant chair, "and I will tell you the story of your birth."

Hardly knowing what he did, he obeyed her bidding.

"I was once an innocent, a pure, a beautiful girl," she began, having first drained a glass that stood by her elbow. "I was married to a good and loving husband. I had one child. You are that child, the lawful son of Jean Herman. Shortly after your birth a friend of my husband betrayed me, my husband discovered my infamy and abandoned me with you, then a baby not two years old. My seducer abandoned me, and I was left starving and destitute with you to support. I know well that I brought my own misfortune partially upon my own head, but do not think, my son, that I yielded easily to my undoer. Lies, entreaties, and misrepresentations were poured into my ears, until, only half-knowing what I did, I yielded to that accursed man's desires——"

"His name!" suddenly cried out Hans, his eyes ablaze with fury.

"Wait; you shall hear in good time. Well, as I have said, he abandoned me, and at last, driven half-crazy by hunger and want, I left you—a babe—outside the door of——"

"Miller Baumgart," interjected Hans.

The woman put her lips close to her son's ear.

"Outside the door of my seducer!" she hissed.

With a cry of horror, Hans started to his feet, only to fall back into his chair, crushed and impotent, under the weight of the most dreadful blow human ingenuity could have inflicted upon him.

"Oh, God!" he cried, "am I mad? What do I hear? Miller Baumgart my mother's seducer! Miller Baumgart, my benefactor, my preserver! Impossible!"

His mother—for by that name we must now call her—rose to her feet.

"Benefactor, preserver—hark at him!" she cried. "Curse him ten thousand times, this benefactor to whom I owe my ruin!" She laughed wildly, and then, covering her face with her poor thin hands, she burst into tears.

No one spoke.

Wilhelm—the man Hans had met in the forest—stolidly puffed at his enormous pipe, without having interjected a

"Come to me, my son."

single sentence into the foregoing conversation. Hans did not notice his presence; he saw nothing. He felt his brain was a kindling fire, and that every thought that rushed in upon him was an additional flame. He thought of the beautiful mother of his visions, transformed and deformed into the loathsome object before him, transformed by the infamy of a smooth-tongued hypocrite named Baumgart.

Baumgart, whom he had been taught to love and respect, became in his eyes the most atrocious of villains; he regarded the miller's whole life as one concerted deceit. He contrasted the present position of his mother with that of Baumgart—the one the object of scorn, disgust, and loathing, whilst the other stood on the topmost pinnacle of public esteem—happy, contented, and prosperous.

He remembered the story told to him by the gipsy, and he remembered the vow of vengeance he had sworn to wreak upon the man who had accomplished his mother's ruin. Yes, in the blood of Baumgart he would wash out the ignominy of his mother.

He got up, and began staggering about the room, his hands pressed over his burning eyeballs.

Wilhelm took the pipe out of his lips and spat into the fire.

"What is it? Art thou faint, man?" said he, speaking familiarly.

"Faint, good friend, faint!" screamed Hans, with a frantic laugh. "Nay, I was never so strong."

He walked over to Wilhelm and put out his arm.

"Feel it!" he said fiercely, "and tell me if it is weak."

"It is like iron."

"Good! Now where is my hat?"

"Your hat! Why, you're not going to leave us like this?" exclaimed Wilhelm, jumping up.

"Oh, my son, do you leave me thus?" cried his mother, stifling her tears.

"Mother," said Hans, in slow, clear accents, "I go to kill Miller Baumgart. I will never rest until I have slain him and his family, until I have seen them lying dead before me, knowing that they shall smile no more and deceive no more. I cannot rest until I have fulfilled this my vow."

A long, low whistle came from Wilhelm, and he threw an expressive glance at his female companion.

The woman herself seemed utterly bewildered by her son's vehemence. She could not at present comprehend the horror of his design and the dread happenings consequent upon it as yet with any certainty. All she knew was that he was talking of vengeance, of slaying the miller.

Then Wilhelm suddenly took Hans's hand and wrung it effusively.

"Good, Hans! I agree with you; I applaud your design. I am one with you in this determination. The wrong done your mother calls for blood—avenging blood—and who so fitting an instrument of vengeance as her beloved son?"

Hans had no ears for the insincerity in these words. The tumultuous emotions that surged like an angry sea within his bosom drowned everything in the great roar of "Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!"

"Good!" said he to Wilhelm; "I am ready."

"For what?"

"I am ready to slay the accursed Baumgart."

"Mighty heavens! you are in a hurry!"

"I intend to lose no time."

"Are you strong enough for this design?"

"Look into my eyes."

Wilhelm looked and shuddered, feeling that he had been stabbed by lightning.

"Listen!" said Wilhelm. "You cannot carry this out wholly alone. I will accompany you."

"I need no assistance."

"Your mother desires it."

The woman put her trembling hands on her son's shoulders.

"I ask you to take Wilhelm with you, Hans," said she; "it is the first and the last request your mother will ever ask of you."

Every moment that Hans looked upon the sin-deformed visage of his mother his anger against Baumgart doubled in its violence. He felt he could hardly contain himself.

"Very well, mother, anything you like; but we start at once, Wilhelm."

"One moment. You," said Wilhelm, turning to the woman, "must take coach at once for F——. We can stay here no longer. I go with Hans. Wait at F—— until we rejoin you. Now, my good sir, order a couple of horses of Heinrich while I get my cloak."

Hans took his mother by the hand, and with a supreme effort bent forward and touched her lightly on the forehead with his lips. Then he ran down the stairs into the parlour of the inn, where Heinrich was still regaling himself and his customers.

"We want two horses at once, you understand?" whispered Hans, slipping some money into the palm of the landlord.

Heinrich nodded.

"At the third door," he said with a wink that was meant to denote secrecy.

Meanwhile, Wilhelm had found time to hold a short conference with his female companion.

"It's a great coup if we pull it off," he said; "but the risk is enormous. I shall let him do the killing and look after the thalers myself. There should be plenty of them. It's about the biggest thing I've ever been in, though I've seen a few throats slit in my time, as you know."

"Bring him back safe to me," said the woman; "remember he is my son."

"There's no mistaking that! Did you see the look in his eyes just now? Why, it scorched my very vitals! Oh! we shall get through; I'm too old a hand to be caught."

"Are you ready?" cried Hans in an impatient voice from the bottom of the stairs.

"Coming, good Hans, coming! Meet you at F——, usual place."

In another moment Wilhelm had joined Hans, and the two at once left the inn. They walked a little way down the

deserted alley, until they came to a youth holding a couple of horses.

"Good old Heinrich, he never fails!" exclaimed Wilhelm, as he swung himself into the saddle. "God knows when he will get his treasures back this time, though!"

Hans did not answer, but at once pressed his horse into a gallop.

"Follow me!" he cried to Wilhelm. "I know the way."

It was a clear night, stars studded the heavens, and a full moon swam in a little lake of misty vapour.

"Curse the moon!" said Wilhelm.

"It matters not. The mill-house is the solitary inhabited building on that side of the forest," said Hans.

And now they had entered the mighty forest at the gallop. They rode faster, faster, faster, and still to Hans's impatient heart it seemed that they were travelling at the pace of snails.

Faster, faster, faster, along the silent road, in the green, deserted wilderness of forest-land, nearer every moment to the mill-house, to vengeance, to doom!

Suddenly Hans gave the word to halt.

"Here," answered Hans, disclosing a long, sharp-pointed dagger.

He stuck the keen, bright blade between his teeth, and crept round to the side of the house. Here there was a low window, and in less time than it takes to relate the strong-armed youth had pulled himself up to the ledge. Then he bent down his head and butted again the window, using his skull as a battering-ram. In a trice the window flew open, and Hans sprang inside.

"You're a cool hand," said Wilhelm, who had watched this operation admiringly from below. "Here, give me your arm."

Hans leant out of the window and hauled Wilhelm, who was surprisingly agile for a man of his bulk, up to his side.

"Where are we?" he whispered to Hans.

"On the lower floor in the pantry. The bedrooms are upstairs."

"Go down and open one of the doors. It is wise to secure a retreat."

Hans descended with cautious steps down the little stair-

DRAGGED HIM FROM THE GLITTERING GOLD.

"Are we near the mill-house?" inquired Wilhelm as he reined in his steed.

"Three minutes' walk. Shall we leave the horses here?"

"Yes; give me the reins."

Wilhelm dexterously secured the sweating beasts to a tree.

"I am at your service now," said he.

The two confederates crept slowly forward; in a few minutes they were out of the tangle of undergrowth, and stood before a broad stretch of level country.

Immediately in their path was the ancient mill-house, with its gabled roofs and quaintly-mullioned windows. The moon shed a calm, serene light over the tranquil scene, and the only sound to be heard was the falling of water.

Hans remembered how often, when he had not been able to sleep of nights, he had listened to the song of the water, and dreamt of his then unknown mother.

A dog began to bark.

"Dogs! We retreat, I think!" cried Wilhelm, springing back.

"Fool!" muttered Hans; "follow me!"

He went forward and called the dogs by name. They knew him, and were silenced.

"So far, so good!" said Wilhelm, pulling out of his pocket a huge sheath-knife. "But where's your weapon, friend?"

case. He returned, carrying a heavy piece of iron in his right hand.

"Is the door unlatched?" asked his companion.

"Yes; all is safe. Now follow me."

The sweat broke out upon Wilhelm's brow, experienced thief and cut-throat that he was, as he followed Hans, externally calm and placid, up a long flight of old oak stairs.

They halted on a large square landing.

"The miller's room is the right one!" whispered Hans.

"Wait a moment. Where does he keep his money?"

"Money! What's that to us?"

"Oh, nothing; only we must take a few thalers to see us safely into F——"

"If it is really necessary, you will find them in his bedroom."

With a light turn of his hand, the door swung open with a creak.

"Quick!" hissed Wilhelm, as Hans darted into the well-known room.

The moon streamed through the windows, suffusing the old-fashioned apartment with a tranquil light. A four-post bed stood by the left wall, and the moon's beams fell full upon the features of the miller and his wife.

They lay in each other's arms, a smile on their faces,

quietly breathing in a serene sleep, wholly unconscious of their imminent doom.

"Liar! hypocrite! seducer! villain!—die!" muttered Hans as he bent over the bed.

He raised the iron bludgeon that he carried in his right hand, and brought it down with all the strength that madness and hate had lent him upon the forehead of Baumgart. The skull cracked with a hideous sound; his eyes opened, and the blood spurted out on to his wife's face.

She awoke with a slight cry.

Wilhelm caught her by the throat, stifling a scream, and stuffed a pillow over her mouth. Hans drove his dagger with a twist of his left hand deep down between her quivering breasts.

He drew it out, and, with a savage cry, plunged it again and again into the body of the miller. The blood of the murdered flowed out of the gaping wounds and mingled, and, with a laugh, Hans dipped his hands into his victims' gore.

"Vengeance! vengeance! vengeance!" he cried, and awoke the baby that slumbered in a tiny cot near the Baumgarts' bed. The infant set up a wail.

Quick as lightning, Wilhelm snatched the bludgeon from Hans and battered the skull of the infant into a pulp with a couple of blows.

The lust of killing was upon the murderers; they felt they could have slain an army. Wilhelm turned to an iron safe that stood beside the bed, and was preparing to break it open, when he was startled by a cry from Hans, and, looking up, saw Baumgart's eldest son standing in his night attire in the door, speechless with terror and horror at the bloody spectacle he beheld.

Then it was that the elder miscreant's experience came in useful. Without a word he drew himself up and flung the bludgeon with unerring aim at the intruder—a trick he had learnt in Russia. The missile caught the young man squarely between the eyes, and he fell like a log.

In other moment Hans had run his dagger through his throat, and, to make doubly sure, he finally plunged it into the dead youth's heart. He kicked the corpse out of his path and sped out of the room, up another flight of stairs with a bound into the bedroom occupied generally by Baumgart's daughters.

Of these there were two, but to Hans's rage he only found one, and she, awakened by his entrance, made as if to spring from the bed. Hans smothered her cries with his right hand, hot and wet with the blood of her parents and brother, and slipped the dagger beneath her left arm.

It pierced to her heart.

Hans returned to Wilhelm, whom he found upon his knees, busily engaged in forcing open the safe. All the drawers in the room had been ransacked during his absence.

"What are you doing, Wilhelm?" he cried.

"Getting the thalers," replied the confederate.

The door of the safe came upon with a crack, and a shower of gold pieces tumbled out on to the floor.

With an exultant cry, Wilhelm plunged his hands into the new-found riches.

A terrible light broke in upon Hans. Wilhelm was a common thief; he had cared nothing for his revenge, he had simply assisted him so as to enrich himself by the miller's murder.

The youth felt himself to be the sport of this miserable pilferer, and with a bound he sprang forward and dragged him from the glittering pile of coins.

"Curse you, are you mad?"

"No; neither am I a robber!"

"Murderer, treble murderer that you are, do you cant? What was it all for but the thalers?"

"Thalers! I am avenged!"

"Avenged! Devil take your vengeance! Do you think I, do you think your mother, would have run this risk but for the thalers? Are you mad, boy?"

"So mad," said Hans, looking steadily into his companion's eyes, "that unless you do my bidding I run this dagger into your miserable heart."

Wilhelm looked up into his companion's wrath-illumined face, and quailed, robber and cut-throat that he was, before the fires of superior will that burnt in Hans's eyes. Without further parley the youth dragged him from the room, down the stairs, and out of the back door, which he shut behind him.

"Well, upon my soul!" cried Wilhelm, "if this isn't the cursedest piece of folly in the world I should like to know what is!"

The two men were hurrying towards the spot where their horses were leashed.

Hans did not trouble to answer his confederate in crime; he felt his heart filled with a strange, animal, exultant joy. He had been mightily avenged. His soul was satisfied, if not surfeited, with its banquet of blood.

They took to their horses, and sped away straight for the fastnesses in the depths of the forest, and so for a while we must leave them.

Before morning broke over the house of death old Karl was roused out of his slumbers by something wet dripping on to his face. He at first thought he was dreaming, but presently he felt what seemed to be a large rain-drop splash on his forehead. His room was immediately under that of the miller's, and the old servant was at a loss to understand how water could come to be falling from his master's floor. He lighted a candle and wiped his face with his hand, and when he looked at his hand it was smeared with blood.

With a cry of horror, Karl sprang from his bed. He looked, and saw that from a crack in the ceiling blood was steadily oozing. Without a moment's thought for personal safety, he seized a stick and rushed up to his master's bedroom.

He saw the dead bodies of Baumgart, his wife, his son, and his baby, stretched out in various recumbent positions.

In the centre of the room there was positively a lake of blood, and the entire apartment was splashed and slippery with human gore.

The old man fell senseless on the body of his murdered master.

* * * * * *

Days had passed. The entire kingdom of Prussia (we write of a period anterior to the consolidation of the German States) was roused to a fever-heat of excitement over the terrible Baumgart tragedy. The voice of the populace cried for the lives of the murderers. Justice must be appeased; the inhuman wretches who had perpetrated this ghastly crime must be brought to the gallows.

All this was very well, but there is such a thing as catching one's game before cooking it, and the assassins of the Baumgart family were missing.

Large bodies of Prussian cavalry had scoured the forests in vain endeavours to apprehend the culprits

Let us rejoin Hans and Wilhelm.

On gaining their horses their first care had been to penetrate deep into a certain part of the forest that was known to Wilhelm as a former stronghold of a now decimated robber band. The two quarrelled all the way; Wilhelm, roused to wrath by the unprofitableness of their dreadful adventure, cursed Hans day and night for a fool.

On his part the strange youth replied little, the terrible spell of insane and all-consuming fury that had possessed him during the enactment of the tragedy having burnt itself out and left him a moving sepulchre of vengeance satisfied. It was impossible to move towards F—— at present, for Wilhelm was perfectly aware that every road was strongly guarded.

The more dangerous became their position, the more enraged did Wilhelm become at being induced to take part in so hazardous and unprofitable an enterprise.

"Curse you!" he cried to Hans one night. "I never saw so much blood-letting in my life, and for what?"

"For vengeance," answered Hans.

"Vengeance! Fool, idiot that you are! If you could but know how we have tricked you, what a sport you have been, what——"

"How, Wilhelm? I do not understand. You have tricked me! Explain yourself."

Hans's face had turned livid; his fingers twitched, and his eyes rolled wildly.

A terrible suspicion was in his mind.

Could it be that he had been befooled by Wilhelm and his mother? No; the thought was too monstrous.

"Listen!" said Wilhelm, throwing some dry twigs into their little fire. "Your mother is a harlot and the companion of cut-throats, purse-slitters, and the like."

"I know it."

"She was so from birth. From birth her mother—your grandmother—kept a brothel in Paris, and your grandfather was—well, who he was; there is always a doubt about these questions. He may have been a half-caste sailor, named Leo, or a one-eyed Frenchman, who was for some time a doctor to the Parisian thieves."

Hans covered his face with his hands.

"My mother said she was good and beautiful and innocent once!" he sobbed.

"Your mother was always a liar. Your mother and I discovered Baumgart together. He was then a young unmarried man, peculiarly simple and unsophisticated. He was possessed of some fortune, and we determined to entrap

him in an intrigue with your mother, who was a handsome enough woman then. He fell an easy prey, and supported us well for some time. Then, unfortunately, he discovered our antecedents He broke from us, and apparently fled to Churdorf, where he married and settled down to a blameless life. Your mother and myself some time afterwards were brought into this neighbourhood by an enterprise as hazardous, if not quite as murderous, as the one we have just been engaged in. You were an encumbrance, so we left you in the porch of the only house in the district. We did not know then that it belonged to Baumgart, or we should have had some money out of the gentleman. Afterwards, when we discovered that fact, we of necessity were flying to distant and more hospitable climes——"

"But my father, Jean Herman!" cried Hans in an agonised voice. "Where was he all this time?"

Wilhelm threw back his shoulders, and burst into a fit of brutal laughter.

"Your father—fool, miserable idiot that you are—*your father was Frederich Baumgart!*"

With a shriek of horror, Hans sprang to his feet, his face blanched and his eyes protruding from their sockets. He swayed backwards and forwards for a minute, then fell insensible to the earth.

Wilhelm bent over him, took out his knife, and slit his throat in a quiet, business-like manner. Then he rifled his pockets of the few coins the dead youth had possessed, stamped out the fire, and disappeared amongst the trees of the forest.

The law's emissaries found the body, and, remembering that Hans had been a member of the Baumgart family, argued that he had fallen a victim to the same vendetta-like fury that for some unaccountable reason had accomplished the deaths of the miller and his household.

He was laid in a grave beside that of Baumgart's, and so father and son, victim and murderer, slept their last sleep in close proximity of each other.

Wilhelm was eventually captured on another charge some five years later, and before he died he made a full confession of his many crimes, prominent amongst which was the Baumgart tragedy, otherwise this history could never have been written.

Of Hans's mother we know no more; when she died, and where, we cannot with any certainty say, but there was once in Paris a rumour that an old woman who sold matches outside a dancing hall of ill-fame was the mother of the Churdorf parricide.

And here ends this tale of crime and (we have no hesitation in saying so) of hereditary bias.

The character of Hans has to many appeared impossible.

For our part we cannot admit this, for whilst acknowledging that he was far from normal, we regard his antecedents—his simple-natured father, whose credulity he inherited, and his crime-nurtured mother, born and bred amidst evil and evil-doers—as a complete explanation of his actions, which could otherwise be accounted for by nothing but insanity.

THE TRAMP'S REVENGE.

THERE is a sort of rough-and-ready revenge—or rather justice—which obtains even to-day among the brotherhood of the Weary Willy type, and though it may seem a little nefarious, it certainly is interesting as showing us how people whose sense of justice, as we understand it, prompts them to protect themselves.

As is generally known, tramps work in couples, taking either different sections of the same district, or the one watching for the police while the other calls at the houses which have been put down as "safe marks," the term used for places where at least food is to be obtained. Throughout the whole tramp fraternity there is the greatest detestation for a pal who is "rotten," by which significant term is designated the "hoofer" who will allow his friend to do all the work while he rigidly exacts his half-share of the spoils.

Quite recently two young tramps set out for one of the river-side suburbs, and, after working together for a week, the most active of the couple came to the conclusion that his partner was rotten, and he was confirmed in this opinion by the numerous excuses which were made to account for the lack of profit which the second man brought in. After giving his partner a little time, in the hopes that he would at last contribute something to the joint treasury, the working tramp decided to punish his mate according to precedent. Therefore he bided his time. A day or two later he and his pal approached a house, and the lazy one said, "You have a go at this, while I wait here." "Right," was the answer, and the professional went up the drive and tried the front and back doors, but the result was "crabs," the expressive word used by the padders to signify that no meat, bread, or money was ever given by the householders to wandering beggars. Just as the door had been slammed in his face Mr. Tramp spotted a custard pudding lying on the sill of the larder window, where it had been put to cool. In a second he had the dish under his coat and went off to his friend. Between them they made short work of that pudding, and then the working partner said, "You take this dish back and give it to the 'bewey'" (woman of the house); "she promised me some 'scran'" (meat) "when I brought back the dish."

Having everything plain sailing before him, the sluggard did not mind going up to the back door, where he found the cook searching for her pudding. "My mate told me to bring this back to you, as he promised, and said you would give him some meat." In an instant "cookie" recognised the dish, and, though choking with anger, said it was all right, and would the man step inside for a moment while she got it. He was willing, and was shown into an empty pantry, in which a mastiff was sitting. Cookie immediately locked the door, and there the tramp was imprisoned until six o'clock in the evening, when the master of the house returned.

Not feeling inclined to take the unsavoury-looking object to the police-station, some two miles distant, the coachman was summoned, and with his assistance the gentleman gave the "rotten" one a sound thrashing. With sore bones the wanderer set out to find his mate, but never came across him again.

This is only one instance of the way in which the tramps enforce the rule that anyone who works the roads must contribute a fair share to the general funds.

MARWOOD.

By One who knew Him.

NEVER within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Horncastle had so much excitement been occasioned as by the illness and death on September 2, 1883, of Marwood. During the few days immediately prior to his decease, inquiries were made from various parts of the kingdom, and the demands for the latest intelligence were numerous, and even many telegrams were sent to the Press Association. When his death occurred, the news was transmitted by wire to all parts of the country.

It appeared that he had recently been visiting Lincoln, and had been enjoying himself too freely with friends, for according to the evidence of his widow, given at the inquest, when he arrived home the day before he was taken ill, he had evidently been drinking. The coroner thought it advisable to hold an inquiry, for all kinds of wild rumours had been circulated; many affirming that he had been poisoned by the Irish Invincibles in revenge for the execution of the Fenians at Manchester. This was disproved beyond all doubt, for Dr. Hadden, who had been attending him, and who assisted at the post-mortem made by the medical gentleman appointed by the coroner, stated that death was due to a complication of diseases, and that inflammation of the lungs, aggravated by jaundice, was the real cause. Dr. Hadden stating that from the first there had never been the slightest chance of his recovery.

Marwood's career was a somewhat remarkable one. He was born, it is said, at Goulceby, although for the greatest part of his life he resided at Horncastle. Before he obtained the position he occupied, his life was one of penury, and although always considered cunning and cute, he was never able to make headway, and his time was spent in cobbling.

Many years ago his cuteness led him to propound a scheme for the abolition of the National Debt, and he actually

WILLIAM MARWOOD,
FROM THE WAX MODEL
IN MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

forwarded it to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, but we should very much doubt whether it was ever acknowledged; however, the debt still exists. He held the office of hangman for twelve years, his first execution being that of Horry, who murdered his wife at Lincoln, and it was not made known to the general public who the hangman was. When he was first appointed to the post he was successful in keeping the knowledge of the fact from his neighbours, but upon its becoming known, he was a good deal hooted and hissed. This practice gradually wore off, and when not engaged "on circuit," as he used to call it, he went in and out as an ordinary mortal, and occupied his time at his trade in his one-storeyed shop close by the parish church. Over the door were the words in gilt letters, "Crown Office," and this showed that he was not ashamed of his work. A very short conversation with him was sufficient to show that he looked upon himself as a benefactor to mankind. His shop was filled with shoemaker's tools and stock-in-trade, and strangers invariably took away with them some memento of their visit in the shape of a pair of boot laces or something similar.

From mysterious packages he was in the habit of bringing out for the edification of strangers either a coil of rope or some strap, over which he would exultingly relate some incident connected with that particular article. He took a great pride in the expeditious way in which he performed his executions, and was never weary of recounting his experiences and of speaking of the great improvements of the long drop over all other systems previously adopted, either in this country or elsewhere. What we mean may be illustrated by an incident in the career of Marwood. That gentleman put up once at a public-house in a cathedral town where an execution was to take place. Very soon he was, as a matter of course, an object of intense interest. Thereupon it occurred to the wily hangman to have a rehearsal, and he amassed a large sum by pinioning the curious at a shilling a head. Notwithstanding his long experience in the art of strangling (he had served a long apprenticeship to Calcraft), some fearful scenes occurred on the scaffold whilst he was executioner. He should have remembered that, especially in his case, comparisons were odious, for he was never tired of repeating that Calcraft's methods were radically coarse, clumsy, and unintentionally cruel; but Marwood himself made some painful blunders during his twelve years' experience as executioner, by which name he always called himself, and in fact it was a sore point with him to hear himself called hangman, and accordingly he was quick to resent it.

He used to call all newspaper men lying rascals, and mentioned an illustration of his meaning in connection with Lefroy. The newspaper men thought Lefroy was fainting while being pinioned. "All my eye," said Marwood. "Lefroy meant mischief, and if I had not had him by the heel he might have given me a lively dance all round the yard." "Are you nervous about this work of yours?" was a question put to him. "England does not send nervous men out for a job of this kind, and why should I be nervous, I should like to know?" he replied.

Some of the ropes and other portions of the apparatus which Marwood left in his "Crown Office" were bought from his widow, who did not long survive him, and were ultimately offered to Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in Baker Street. There had been inquiries from nearly every part of Great Britain for relics of the late hangman, and two were actually received from across the Atlantic. The interest in the late hangman was long before it diminished; his photographs sold as if he had been a celebrated beauty, a popular preacher, or a young lady about to marry a lord.

Twenty-one ropes, part of his professional apparatus, were sent to London for sale, though if the widow had been properly advised she would have realised a far more considerable sum in Paris, and they evidently came into the wrong market in the first instance.

In London the morbidly and almost insanely curious may cherish bits of rope by which a man has been hanged, or as relics of the departed executioner, but in Paris pieces of rope by which a man has been hanged are at an extraordinary premium as amulets. Why it is so seems inconceivable, but the possession of a piece of such rope is believed to bring its owner good luck at cards, and more permanently fashionable than even little gold pigs or the process of turning one's chair thrice. Ropes with this quality of drawing luck are more rare in France than with us, for the obvious reason that the French employ the guillotine, and for lucky ropes the gambling and superstitious public depends entirely on suicides.

Marwood first made his appearance as executioner when a man named Smith, who was by occupation a drover, and who generally performed the duty throughout the Midland counties, being taken suddenly ill when an execution was to take place at Lincoln, Marwood appeared in his stead, and when Smith died he continued to perform the duty.

When Calcraft resigned he took his place at Newgate. It was rather an extraordinary fact that for so long a period no provision whatever was made for the contingency of the executioner being taken ill or meeting with an accident when an execution was to be performed.

Marwood was summoned to the Home Office some years after his appointment, and, it was stated at the time, received instructions to have an assistant at any future execution. In consequence of these instructions, Marwood entered into communication with a young man whose name did not transpire, who went with him to Newgate, and to whom Marwood explained the nature of the operation of hanging a criminal.

When the Prisons Act came into force Marwood's wages were varied, and from that time he was paid ten pounds for every execution of a single criminal and half that amount for every criminal after the first if more than one was executed at the same time.

The method of execution since followed as regards pinioning is precisely the same—namely, by a broad strap round the body, to which the elbows were buckled by smaller straps.

The two departures from Marwood's method is the position of the rope round the neck and length of drop.

Binns placed the eye or knot of the rope on the right side of the neck, Marwood always on the left.

Marwood must have been economical in his expenditure, for it appears from a table compiled by the directors of convict prisons that during the four years preceding his death he only executed 51 persons, and if he received £10 for each execution, this only gave him £130 annually. Most people will be disposed to admit that this is a very small consideration indeed for sacrificing almost all that is pleasant in life. Calcraft had a retaining fee of ten shillings a week; possibly Marwood had a like amount allowed him. On one occasion he considered he was badly treated by the authorities. It appears he had been summoned to town, but a few hours before the time appointed for the execution to take place the prisoner was accorded a respite. Marwood, however, considered himself entitled to his fee, and demanded £10, which he would under ordinary circumstances have received. There was much argument as to whether he was entitled to any recompense whatever for his unnecessary trouble, but in the end the matter was settled by his acceptance of half the usual fee, but it was always looked upon by him as an act of injustice. Marwood always tried to avoid giving his subject unnecessary pain, although, as already intimated, he was not too successful. Hanging may be fatal in three ways. Firstly, by compressing the windpipe and thereby producing suffocation. This mode of death is comparatively slow and extremely painful, consciousness being only gradually lost, and the obstruction to the entrance of air causing distressing voluntary and involuntary efforts. The second method is that of compressing the vessels of the neck and producing congestion of the brain, with possible hemorrhage; at times this would be combined with asphyxia, and would tend to quicken that process. The third way in which hanging can kill is by instantaneous injury to the nervous system. This only happens when the head is displaced from the spine or dislocation takes place. In this case death must be sudden and painless. Dislocation can only be produced by the ligaments of the spine being subjected to severe and sudden strain, and the amount of strain required will vary considerably with different individuals. It will require in all cases a long drop, and care must be taken that the rope does not catch in any part of the person and does not break. In too many instances hangmen were not so careful as Marwood, who did his best to temper justice with mercy. It was not an unusual thing for Marwood to receive an intimation that prisoners who were committed to his hands had declared that they would be dragged from the cells to the scaffold, and he was often advised to have an assistant. "But," said he, "when I tap them on the shoulder they always come with me," and accordingly he gave many prisoners confidence by the words he whispered in their ears, which, as he told me, were to the effect "that he would not hurt them," and that "it would soon be over." He never referred to the execution of Dr. Lamson without making the remark, "The doctor died like a gentleman." He was very angry at attempts made by the prison authorities generally to obtain from him the ropes with which prisoners were executed. Their object was, he said, to make a sort of museum, and as before mentioned, he preferred to keep his own museum, and the same ropes served for many culprits. Before every execution he was supplied with very exact information as to age, size, weight, and occupation of the pris-

oner with whom he had to deal, and probably took to his grave with him the principle upon which he determined the length of drop, for he never would tell anybody. "They have asked me at the Home Office whether I am bringing anyone else up to follow me, but I tell them I am a good man yet, and when I think I am failing it will be time enough to have an assistant." Many attempts were made to obtain a portrait of Marwood, but he always refused until shortly before he died, when he consented to sit for an exhibition, as will be explained. An enterprising photographer offered him £50 one day for a sitting, but he declined, his explanation being that one of the things which he enjoyed more than anything else was to go to a town by an earlier train that he was expected by, and mix with the crowd that was awaiting Marwood.

Marwood was a pious man. When asked the programme of an execution, he answered, "Well, when I get out of bed —not that I do it every day of my life—I kneel down quietly and ask God's blessing on the work I have to do, and His mercy for the poor prisoner."

Amongst those who knew him he was the mildest of men, and it was his love of company more than any desire for notoriety that tempted him to make what was called an exhibition of himself at taverns near the gaols to which he had been summoned to do his direful duty. However, Marwood's character was in no wise one to excite admiration, greed being stamped on every action, and he was wont even to grumble at every reprieve as a loss of so much money. In the matter of expenses he was also a keen hand. On one occasion when he arrived in a country town too late to obtain a bed, he accepted the offer of accommodation in a prison cell, but afterwards insisted upon being paid the amount usually allowed for his hotel expenses. On another occasion at Glasgow, whilst preparing the prisoners on the scaffold, the governor of the gaol received a letter which might have been a respite. The governor signalled Marwood to stop, and it was characteristic of the executioner that he was careful not to allow the prisoners by any cessation of his grim labours to feel that any delay was taking place. The letter proved to be on other business, and the execution proceeded.

After some of the early executions connected with the Phœnix Park assassinations Marwood had to proceed to Glasgow, and he laughed with glee and chuckled mightily as he related to his boon companions over a drop of his favourite gin how an escort with which the authorities provided him were disappointed when they found that he proposed to dispense with and absolutely declined their company, telling them that he intended to move about Great Britain with his little black bag without any protection whatever.

"No! no! Do you think I am afraid? Not a bit of it! I have been too many years at my trade to have any funk now; I'm too old a hand at the job."

And then he would raise his glass, drink the contents, and didn't mind a slap on the back and a compliment on his pluck, provided it was accompanied by an invitation to take another glass.

Marwood never visited a gaol without impressing on the governor and the officials certain alterations which had occurred to his mind. "You'll excuse me, sir," he used to say to the governor, "but what is the use of this scaffold? for it only gives trouble, for the prisoner has to climb the steps, as well as myself, and can't do it so well, for he has had all his pluck knocked out of him when it comes to the last. Why can't you give us a pit, so that the prisoner can walk under the beam and save his trembling legs?"

Marwood received many threatening letters. The most remarkable is the following, and the original, on being sent to the Home Office and compared with other missives of a similar character, which were afterwards found to have their source from the Invincibles, the handwriting was said to be identical:

"Dublin, 19th May, 1882.

"MARWOOD,—It was decided last night at a meeting of the Secret Association here to forward this communication to you to the effect that no doubt you are longing intensely for the job to murder us here by your rope for the wilful murder of Burke and Cavendish. Well, don't be in a hurry, for although we are all in Dublin we are not caught yet and not likely for this paltry £10,000. Should we be arrested and convicted, on the peril of your life you must not set your foot on the soil of this city or any part of this country of Ireland. If you do you will never get out of it alive. You very narrowly escaped from Armagh the last time you were there, but you will not escape the next time you come over here. Even if you have an escort we shall manage the whole lot of you about right. We shall have revenge somehow, you may depend upon it, and this I tell you once and for all; so now beware. We know you. There can be no mistake in the carrying out of this resolution, so now you are cautioned. Your movements will be telegraphed here from the time you leave Horncastle until you get here, if you get so far under a false name and false business. We want no hangman in this country to carry out English law. Enough. Beware!—From Jack of ——, the murderers of Burke and Cavendish."

Marwood did not attach much importance to this communication, but as he thought he was in duty bound since he was so advised by the local authorities, he forwarded it to the Home Office, but, as he expressed it, "He cared nowt about it."

Marwood possessed the sword of a Japanese executioner, which had been sent to him by a gentleman from Brighton, and it was certainly of considerable intrinsic value. He at once added it to his museum, but, as was only natural, he used to speak of it with contempt when he compared it with the rope and his favourite long drop.

Marwood used to declare that, previous to a mishap he had in Ireland, when a prisoner's arm caught in the rope, he had never had a single slip in his work, and with regard to the Durham execution which occurred subsequently, concerning which he was summoned to the Home Office immediately after a question had been put in Parliament, he stated that the prisoner fainted at the last moment and that this was the cause of the rope catching in his arm, and he was particularly careful at the inquest and satisfactorily cleared himself. His opinion was that a warder should stand on each side of the prisoner on a plank extending over the drop and the loose portion of the rope be tied up to the beam by a slight cord, which would give way with the weight of the body, and he declared at the time if these precautions were not carried out in the future that he would never undertake another execution.

Referring once in a conversation to the arrangements made at Kirkdale Gaol, he said, with a touch of humour which was never absent from his talk, "Somebody will be killed coming up these stairs if they don't mind."

The point of the joke will be more readily understood when it is mentioned that the steps which, as already explained, he so much objected to were never used but for the purpose of an execution.

At one time it was rumoured that Marwood intended to resign the duties of hangman or public executioner, as he preferred to be called, and quite a crowd of aspirants sprang up in the metropolis of the Fens, and one little fellow was so anxious that the mantle should fall upon him that he resorted to the electric telegraph in order to make Sir William Harcourt, then Home Secretary, acquainted with his modest desires. Indeed, Sir William was so pestered with applications that he was compelled to announce that it was neither the right nor the duty of the Secretary of State to make any such appointment. There is no such office as that of public executioner appointed by the Government. The person charged with the execution of capital sentences is the Sheriff. It is the right and duty of the Sheriff to employ and pay a fitting person to carry out the sentence of the law, and the Secretary of State has no authority to select the executioner.

Marwood happened shortly afterwards to be passing through Spalding Station, and, as was usual when his presence was known, quite a little crowd of gaping spectators gathered round the compartment in which he was calmly seated. One of the spectators was the little man whose badly-spent shilling was destined the week before to cause such consternation at the Home Office.

A few of the more jocularly-disposed determined to play a practical joke upon him and have a little fun at his expense, and as the contagion speedily spread they found many willing hands to assist. In a moment the carriage door was opened, and before he could raise even the faintest protest the would-be successor of Marwood found himself thrust into his presence and the carriage door locked behind him.

Marwood entered at once into the spirit of the joke, and after first putting on a grim and even fierce expression of countenance while he viewed the agitated intruder as a lion might a trembling mouse—for now that the little man found himself alone and locked in with the dreaded executioner he was beside himself with fright, for he was aware his desires were well known to his companion, and if they had not there were plenty of his tormentors to announce the fact, which they did by taking it in turns to stand on the step of the compartment and lustily proclaim it. Great was the delight of the onlookers, railway officials included, for there happened to be a stoppage of a few minutes at Spalding Station for that particular train. After a brief space, however, Marwood

took pity on his would-be successor, smiled upon and proceeded to stroke his little back.

"Well, my man," he said, "so you want my berth? Why, you are not tall enough. What would you do if you had the job of attending to a six-foot man? You couldn't reach up to his neck to arrange the rope."

The little man was too nervous to reply, and as he did not speak Marwood continued:

"And what would you do, my little man, if you had to pinion and place the straps round a fair-sized fellow? I doubt if you would have the strength to fasten the buckles, and you wouldn't get your arms round his body."

The little man managed to stammer out an inquiry as to whether Marwood really meant to relinquish his post.

"No, no," replied the executioner. "I'm good for a good many more jobs yet, but I'll do what I can for you. I'll mention you to my friends at Newgate and the Home Office; perhaps they may do something for you when I feel I've had enough of it. Never mind," he continued, "you shall have my office when I'm done with it, but I shall not be done with it yet."

The conversation might have lasted for a considerable time, for the little man's timidity was rapidly wearing off; but time was up and the guard ready to start the train, so the little man was allowed to take his leave of Marwood, after a warm and cordial shaking of hands, and for many a long day afterwards was regarded as quite an important personage in Spalding and the neighbourhood.

An extraordinary number of applications were made when Marwood died for the vacant post. They came from members of all grades of society, comprising clerks, surgeons, those connected with the army and navy, and, indeed, those belonging to almost every other occupation, for the appointment of public hangman. It is a rather curious fact that, although Marwood was always regarded as the official executioner, he was never regularly appointed to that position, and, indeed, until after the passing of the Prisons Act, some years ago, when the control of the prisons throughout the country passed into the hands of the Government, the matter rested entirely with the magistrates of each locality.

I last saw Marwood only a few days before he died, when he appeared in his usual health.

Of medium height and muscular build, with small head well-set on square shoulders, hair turning grey, with keen, deep-set grey eyes, whiskers of the old-fashioned mutton-chop style, moustache cut close, and dressed in a pepper and salt, or what some call thunder and lightning mixture, suit of clothes of provincial make, he had all the appearance of a fairly well-to-do country tradesman.

He had been sitting to my brother, a well-known artist, for his portrait, which was intended for exhibition and as an additional attraction to a popular place of entertainment.

He was always self-possessed, and had as usual posed himself to my brother's complete satisfaction.

Never averse to talking about his peculiar business, he told us that he was going to sleep at the Old Bailey that night in accordance with the established prison rules, as he had to "turn off a man next morning."

Gin was the liquor he preferred, and it was sent for, and Marwood kept well in front in sampling the contents of the bottle, though it must be admitted my brother and I came in good second and third.

"Ay! Mr. Joseph! Ay! but it's grand stuff!" he exclaimed, as he smacked his lips with gusto and relish.

He informed us that he was a shoemaker by trade, of Horncastle, Lincolnshire, and had for years been assistant hangman until Calcraft became too feeble and his eyesight failed him, when he was appointed in his place.

"I always thought," he said, "Calcraft gave 'em too short a drop, and they were too long sometimes a-dying." And then added, "A longer drop causes 'em less pain," and then he told us that he was most anxious when adjusting the rope to place the knot in such a position that when the drop fell with the unhappy wretch, an immediate dislocation of the neck should take place.

At the present time the culprit's weight is taken shortly before the dread sentence of the law is carried out, and the length of the drop is calculated by the hangman according to official instructions.

He told us a good deal about a favourite dog he had, and the amusing tricks he taught him to perform.

"Could you hang your dog, Marwood?" asked my brother.

"No, no!" he replied. "I couldn't hang my dog!"

About this time an article appeared in a magazine about the hangman's duties and what it termed were its disgusting and degrading offices, which had given him great offence. From what he said I feel quite sure that as far as he possibly could he endeavoured to carry out his duties in as humane a manner and with as much decorum as he possibly could. I can certainly affirm that there was not the least tinge of levity in his way of talking.

Before he left, my brother sent for another bottle of his favourite gin, and insisted on pushing it into one of the capacious open pockets of his coat. He informed us that it was always his custom to leave one with his wife, or "Missus" as he called her, when summoned from home.

After nearly two hours' chat on various subjects, for Marwood was an intelligent man and could talk on other topics besides his peculiar business, he took his leave, and as he said good-bye he muttered once more, "Ay! but it's grand stuff!" as placing his hand in the side pocket which held the bottle, he firmly secured it, while with the other he handed to each of us, as a souvenir of his visit, his card:

WILLIAM MARWOOD,
Public Executioner.
Horncastle, Lincolnshire.

Not long before he died he created quite a sensation by visiting the House of Commons during a sitting. He was at once surrounded by members of the house, to whom he became an immediate object of interest when they knew of his presence. Many were the questions he was asked, and keen criticisms he had to submit to, but he was equal to the occasion and rose to it, and before he left had distributed a vast quantity of his official cards, on which he was in the habit of impressing in blue ink with an india rubber stamp his name, address, and occupation.

He had amassed a fair amount of money, having cottage property at Horncastle and in the neighbourhood. He died at the age of sixty-four, and he undoubtedly would have lived much longer had it not been for his intemperate habits. Such a dread occupation one could well imagine might have driven him to it, for callous indeed must be the man who could follow such a calling without at times pausing to reflect on the many fearful scenes he must have witnessed, though he used to say that there was a judge and jury, and that he was quite sure when a man came into his hands he deserved his fate.

Rough on the Tailors.

IN these days of freedom it seems strange to us to think that, not more than a couple of hundred years ago, even the clothing which the citizen wore was regulated by Act of Parliament. What would the servant of the present day say if a constable were to stop her and tell her that she was to be summoned for wearing a belt with a silver buckle? Yet that was criminal up to the time of James I. Again, think of the inconvenience of having police officers entering one's bedroom and examining your nightcap—if you wore one—to see if you had a silk lining to it, and, in case you had indulged in that luxury, demanding to see your bank-book to find out whether your income was more than twenty pounds a year. Should you be convicted of this heinous offence you would be imprisoned for three months! The ploughman, who, by the way, figures largely in all the laws which regulate dress, was to be clothed in "a blanket and a linen girdle." In the twentieth century he would be summoned for indecency, or haled to the nearest lunatic asylum, if he appeared in that costume.

Anarcharsis, one of the best and wisest men of his days, which, by the way, were some few centuries before the commencement of the Christian Era, went on a voyage to Athens with the idea of studying the legal systems which obtained amongst the Athenians. The system of Solon he admired for its wisdom, and the rules of Draco, which made every offence capital, interested him greatly, though he was opposed to taking human life for trivial crimes. Prudently he refrained from criticising these two codes, fearing that to speak against the great law-givers might be a reason for putting him to death, but at last the jurists of the town asked him what he thought of their perfect laws. Afraid to impugn the justice of either code, he reflected for a moment, and then made the remark which has since become historical: "All the laws you can make are but spiders' webs, which the strong will break through and only the poor fly be caught." The evidence of centuries has amply proved the wisdom of this observation.

Criminal Problems

HOW TO PREVENT CRIME—SHOULD FLOGGING BE ABOLISHED?

ALMOST every criminal sessions at the Old Bailey that comes round sees one or more prisoners sentenced to receive a certain number of lashes with the "cat," and at regular intervals letters appear in the papers from ultra-sentimental individuals, lamenting the use of that instrument of torture, and complaining of the "brutalising influences" of all corporal punishments. These worthy persons are actuated merely by a sickly species of humanitarianism, and not by any real desire to see our penal system improved; while their letters—consistently disregarded by the authorities—do much harm among their fellows who have no knowledge of matters criminological. It may not, therefore, be amiss if we devote a small space to the question of flogging as a judicial remedy for crime.

In the first place, then, it must be remembered that the infliction of any punishment from motives of vengeance is contrary to all the best principles of criminal economy. The object of punishment should be directed solely to the reformation of the delinquent, and his conversion into a useful member of society. We have, accordingly, to consider the actual effect of the existence of corporal punishment on the culprit or would-be culprit himself.

Secondly, but very much subordinate to the primary consideration, we must see what influence the possibilities of a whipping have on the criminal classes as a whole; in other words, whether it acts as a deterrent. This is merely a supplementary item in the determination of a punishment; for any penal code based on the principles of deterrents is bound to be faulty.

With regard to the culprit himself. It is alleged that flogging brutalises the criminal and degrades him. As a matter of fact, this is not so. The prisoner who has earned a flogging, ordered by a judge, is beyond any further degradation, for the law at present only permits corporal chastisement to be administered to robbers with violence, and in only the most flagrant cases is the offender sent to the whipping post. We may therefore dismiss the "humanitarian" objection at once. Does flogging assist in the reformation of the individual malefactor? That is the most important point to be settled. Only in a very few cases does a criminal return for a second dose of the "cat." True, in the history of modern crimes we find records, "had the 'cat' twice," and so forth, but a very little research will prove that the floggings were inflicted for breaches of the prison rules, for violent attacks on warders and so forth, committed by men undergoing long terms of imprisonment, for offences far removed from robbery with violence. The garrotter, once whipped, is very chary of exposing his skin a second time to the caresses of the nine-tailed feline, and inasmuch as he is rarely fitted for other branches of crime, he has perforce to be comparatively honest. We are bound to admit, however, that the prisoner who has been whipped has not the same horror of the lash as the one who has not been chastised. None the less, the "cat" helps in reforming the criminal and is useful.

On the would-be garrotter the effect is more marked. The dread of the lash reformed the Liverpool garrotters, and dispersed their gang, and has proved a powerful means of suppressing robbery with violence. The bully is ever a coward.

As a whole the criminal classes dread corporal punishment, and the fear of it goes far to keep unruly members of society under control. More than this, in the hands of the prison authorities the power to inflict a sound whipping is a most effective weapon, and one which tends to maintain the necessary discipline inside the walls of our convict stations. Since Mr. Justice Day broke through the squeamishness which succeeded on the period of judicial brutality, and in the face of great opposition proved that the wise use of the "cat" was beneficial to the country, the offences for which whipping can be ordered have been on the decrease—a result which makes one hopeful for the extension of flogging powers to judges. It would be for the ultimate benefit of the entire nation if it were possible for all who use force in the prosecution of their criminal ends, for all who commit aggravated assaults, all wife-beaters and corrupters of young girls, to be subject to the mollifying influences of the whip. We should assuredly hear less of these most common crimes. As long as the administration of justice is left in the hands of humane and temperate men, as it is at present, we need have no fear that our penal code will ever become unduly harsh again, but the very knowledge that their own precious skins are safe encourages the ruffians who commit the crimes above enumerated to be regardless of the suffering they themselves inflict.

It will be a bad day for England when flogging is abolished; it will be the dawn of a more civilised era when crimes involving injury to the weak, and physical and moral injury to young girls, can be met with the severity which such dastardly offences deserve.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

The Last of the Pillory.

IT is just seventy-three years since the pillory was last used in London, and sixty-six years since it was entirely abolished in Great Britain. The stocks, however, were in use for many years after that—a woman named Grace Guthrie being exposed to the gaze of the multitude at Berwick-on-Tweed in July, 1849, for drunkenness.

To Relieve Debtors.

POSSIBLY one of the most curious institutions which London has ever seen was the Thatched House Society, which flourished in the early part of the last century. Its object was to ransom honest debtors, who had been cast into prison in default of payment. During twenty years the philanthropists who formed this unique body obtained the release of 12,590 imprisoned debtors, at an average cost of forty-five shillings per head.

Killed in Court.

THE distinction of having been killed while in a court of justice belongs to an attorney, two jurymen, and a spectator who were present at the Worcester Assizes in 1767. Mr. Justice Wilmot was summing up the evidence against a prisoner, and as he was a very prosy judge, the counsel and most of the audience had left the court; but the attorney stuck to his post. The judge had nearly concluded his long-winded harangue, when a stack of chimneys was blown down, and crashed through the roof of the court house, killing the above-mentioned people, and injuring several others.

Personal Description of Contracting Parties.

IN the days of Cleopatra it was customary for the priests, who acted as lawyers, to enter in deeds of conveyance a full description of the personal attributes and appearance of the parties to the deeds. This was necessary because in those troublous times, when might was right, anybody could establish himself on a piece of land and declare that he was the actual owner. Thus we find old conveyances between "flat-faced, sallow Asos" and "short, fat Pamouthes, with a squint eye." Our solicitors in the present day would have a delicate job when the contracting parties were women if this custom still held in force.

A Long Adjournment.

TO find the record adjournment of a criminal case we have to go back to our school days, and remember the classics which were then thrashed into us. We shall then remember that Dolabella, when pro-consul of Asia, had a woman brought before him, charged with poisoning her husband and son. In the evidence it was proved that the victims had slain another son of the accused, a good and dutiful youth. Dolabella did not like to convict, so sent the case to his council, who in turn referred it to the Areopagites at Athens, the supreme court of law in the world in those days. The learned Athenians, after fully investigating the matter, adjourned the hearing for a hundred years.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

QUINN'S.—At Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Waxworks.

FORGOTTEN.—Mr. Wilde, instructed by Mr. Arthur Newton (solicitor), defended Gardiner.

W. J. M. (Port Talbot).—Great Britain enjoys the reputation of being the most criminal country in Europe. Italy has the most murders.

HALF-HANGED.—No. Gordon, who was sentenced to death in 1873, was experimented upon by Dr. Chovet but died on the gallows just the same.

HUNGRY.—You are right; Edward III., in 1336, forbade commoners from having more than two courses at any meal. The Statute of Diet, extending this absurd law, was passed in 1363.

L. G.—1. Hypnotism exists. 2. Anyone can learn to hypnotise. 3. No legal qualification is required to practise hypnotism, but it is a dangerous thing to play with. For books, you will find plenty of advertisements in the papers giving titles and prices.

BLUSHING.

Absolutely cured in few days by a harmless and certain method. To prove this "try before you buy," sending two penny stamps to cover postage, &c., of a free sample. Cure registered by Government.—C. TAYLOR & Co., 149, Fleet Street, London.

THE BUST.

I will send absolutely **free** to all who enclose two penny stamps to cover postage, &c., with testimonials and medical certificate, a sample of the most wonderful preparation ever discovered for the natural development of the bust, and by the use of which may be regained a perfect figure, full and lovely. Absolutely harmless, never fails, permanent in its effect. Address in confidence, MRS. H. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London, S.E.

Hargreaves' Reducing Wafers will in a few weeks permanently cure either sex who are

TOO FAT

without change in diet or other inconvenience. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to quickly remove all superfluous flesh, improving the health and figure. Especially successful in all cases of abdominal obesity and shortness of breath. Sent privately, post free, with full particulars and testimonials, price 1/1½ per box, by MR. F. HARGREAVES, 324, Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, London, N.W.

This cure is registered by Government.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.—NO CURE, NO PAY. I have permanently destroyed them on myself and hundreds of others. Please send stamped addressed envelope with particulars of your case, and I will send free a full letter of advice; an entirely new method, harmless and painless. Address in confidence, MRS. BEECH, 8, St. George's Circus, London, S.W.

THE COMPLEXION.—A lovely clearness, tone and colour is guaranteed to every lady. Unsightly Blotches, Blackheads, Pimples, Black Specks, Sallowness, &c., disappear in two days like magic, and the lovely clearness of the skin will astonish you. Full particulars sent free for stamped envelope. Send, in confidence, to MRS. W. H. MOORE, 1, Borough Road, London, S.E.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS.—How many ladies with a strong growth of hair upon some prominent part of her features has not cried out from the depths and bitterness of despair, "Is there no relief for this vile intrusion? Must I live on and on and each day develop more and more into a human monstrosity! Must this deformity become still more unsightly, this burden more oppressive?" The answer heretofore given to this appeal has been far from satisfactory, yet we must all admit that we live in an age of new and wonderful inventions, and one of these I claim. To prove this, send in confidence, a stamped addressed envelope, and I will tell you what it is.—Address, MRS. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London.

RHEUMATISM & GOUT

Speedy Relief and CURE.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

It has always proved to be a successful remedy in the most obstinate cases, it is a safe medicine, absolutely harmless, and never been known to fail.

Those who have tried this wonderful remedy are always grateful, it is a **POOR MAN'S MEDICINE**, causes no inconvenience, and fits the poorest man's pocket. Sent post free to any address in the kingdom on receipt of P.O. for 1/1½. C. SAVORY & Co., Sole Proprietors, 12, Wine Office Court, London, E.C.

Correspondence Invited.

For Advertising Spaces

IN

FAMOUS CRIMES,

SKETCHY BITS,

Or any of our Publications,

Apply to FREDK. SIMMS, 11, Gough Square, Fleet Street, E.C. Scale of Advertisement Rates and Copies of Publications on application.

DRUNKENNESS.

Cured permanently by a harmless home treatment, without knowledge of patient. Full particulars for stamped addressed envelope.—MRS. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London.

BLUSHING.

This miserable habit permanently cured in a few days. For either sex. Particulars of this strictly private, confidential, harmless, and inexpensive remedy sent for stamped addressed envelope by MRS. MOORE, 1, Borough Road, London.

TOO FAT.

Most successful remedy, for either sex, harmless and pleasant. Especially useful for all excess of fat upon the waist, hips and abdomen. Before spending any money send two stamps for a free sample and so see if this remedy suits your case.—MRS. NEVILLE, 9, Newington Causeway, London.

If you want to be

BEAUTIFUL

BUY

Smart Novels

The weekly articles (written by an expert) tell how to improve your health, your complexion, your eyebrows, your hair, your figure

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Thirty-Guinea Piano FREE.

See this Week's Issue of . . .	**DAINTY NOVELS**	Every Wednesday, One Penny.
See this Week's Issue of . . .	**SMART NOVELS**	Every Monday, One Penny.
See this Week's Issue of . . .	**SMART NOVELS**	Every Monday, One Penny.
See this Week's Issue of . . .	**DAINTY NOVELS**	Every Wednesday, One Penny.

Of all Newsagents and Railway Bookstalls.

DESCRIPTION OF PIANO.—Walnut, Rosewood, or Ebonised Case; Full Compass, Iron Frame, Full Trichord, Check Repeating Action, and all modern improvements; Height, 4 ft. 2 in.; Width, 4 ft. 7 in. Handsome in appearance, and of great durability. Tone, rich, full, and resonant; Touch, most delicate and elastic. GUARANTEED FOR 25 YEARS.

The Piano is by the well-known firm, CRANE & SONS, LIMITED, and can be seen at their various branches: London, 149, Oxford Street, W.; Glasgow, 82 and 84, New City Road; Dublin, 40, Upper Sackville Street; Manchester, 308 and 310, Deansgate; Birmingham, Corporation Street; Belfast, 40, High Street; Bolton, 156, Deansgate; Wigan, Library Street; St. Helens, 7, Church Street; Wrexham, Crane's Buildings, Regent Street; Seacombe, 48, Brighton Street, etc., etc.

Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

Sole Agents for the Colonies—GORDON & GOTCH, London; Melbourne; Sydney; Brisbane; Perth, W.A.; Wellington, N.Z.; Christchurch, N.Z.; Cape Town & Durban, S.A.